

The Academy and Literature.

No. 1595. Established 1869. London: 29 November, 1902.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

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The Literary Week.

DURING the past week, which has not been very prolific in interesting books, the tide of Christmas literature has almost ceased to flow. Next week, in our Christmas number, we shall attempt to classify the various gift books, story books, picture books, and tales for boys and girls, that have been published this autumn. We have received 76 volumes since our last issue. Among them we note the following:—

EURIPIDES. By Gilbert Murray.

The third volume in the Athenian Drama series. To the scholastic world Mr. Gilbert Murray is known as the author of "A History of Ancient Greek Literature," &c., to the playgoing world as the author of "Carlyon Sahib," &c. The object of the present volume is "in the first place to put before English readers a translation of some beautiful poetry, and in the second place to give some description of a remarkable artist and thinker." The book contains the author's translations "into English rhyming verse" of the "Hippolytus," "The Bacchæ," and Aristophanes' "Frogs," for "what is said of Euripides in 'The Frogs,' so far as it is serious, is after all part of the truth, and a part not to be ignored."

INDIAN MUTINY, 1857. By Sir William Muir.

Two volumes of facts, episodes, and letters of interest to the casual reader as well as to the historian and novelist. During the Indian Mutiny of 1857 Sir William Muir was in charge of the Intelligence Department at Agra, and preserved his letters. Now, after the lapse of forty-five years, he gives them to the world under the editorship of Mr. William Coldstream. Sir William Muir has just resigned the Principalship of Edinburgh University.

ROME AND REFORM. By T. L. Kingdon Oliphant.

Two volumes. From Mr. Oliphant's preface we take the following passages: "Ranke's great work, upon the same subject that I deal with, must ever be regarded by all later comers with despairing admiration. . . . I sometimes fear that I have laid myself open to Lord Beaconsfield's famous sneer at a certain Scotch writer, and that my two volumes seem intended to prove that Providence was on the side of the Protestants."

SALT WATER BALLADS. By John Masefield.

A number of ballads and poems dealing mainly with the sea. Mr. Masefield has gusto, narrative power, and a knowledge of the ways and vernacular of sailors. This little volume should be popular among those who do not as a rule enjoy poetry. Sometimes the author strikes a more pathetic note:—

She has done with the sea's sorrow and the world's way
And the wind's grief;
Strew her with laurel, cover her with bay
And ivy-leaf.

The quotation on the title-page is: "The mariners are a pleasant people, but little like those in the towns, and they can speak no other language than that used in ships."

Books about the South African War from the Boer standpoint are now following the numerous books that have been published from the English standpoint. Naturally we prefer the English, particularly when the other side is represented by such volumes as "Through Shot and Flame," by Mr. J. D. Kestell, Chaplain to De Wet and Mr. Steyn. We do not say that Mr. Kestell deliberately misrepresents facts; we should say rather that he has a constitutional inability to see straight. On one side he will believe anything, on the other nothing. It is the old story of English barbarity and injustice, and it is written in the flamboyant style which seems inseparable from such books. At the conclusion of a chapter called "The Holocaust of Women," the writer says: "Me Miserum! that I must record this—that it is necessary to lead posterity to the altar upon which our women were offered." Really we think posterity will have no occasion to refer to such books as this of Mr. Kestell's.

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON is running neck and neck with Mr. Richard Harding Davis in American literary gossip columns. Mr. Tarkington has been elected to the Indiana Legislature, and has begged to be given a "rear seat" on the ground that he dislikes public speaking. Since his election, the "New York Times Saturday Review" tells us, Mr. Tarkington has received a number of requests from publishers for a novel based on his own political experiences. We are glad that we live in England.

MR. W. B. YEATS'S occasional review "Samhain" is always personal and interesting. We may not think that the Irish Literary Theatre was quite the force which its projectors would have had us believe; but small and earnest bodies always take themselves rather too seriously, particularly, perhaps, in Ireland. This issue of "Samhain" contains a play in Irish by Dr. Hyde, with a translation by Lady Gregory, and Mr. Yeats's beautiful little fancy "Cathleen ni Hoolihan." The Irish Literary Theatre has given place to a company of Irish actors—amateur actors. Referring to a performance by them early in the year, Mr. Yeats says:—

They showed plenty of inexperience, especially in the minor characters, but it was the first performance I had seen since I understood these things, in which the actors kept still enough to give poetical writing its full effect upon the stage. I had imagined such acting, though I had not seen it, and had once asked a dramatic company to let me rehearse them in barrels that they might forget gesture, and have their minds free to think of speech for a while. The barrels, I thought, might be on castors, so that I could shove them about with a pole when the action required it.

We rather like the barrel idea.

A CORRESPONDENT who is an assistant librarian at one of the largest of London public libraries writes as follows: "We have in our reference department a goodly number of theological works, including many Biblical dictionaries and concordances, though, as a rule, the frequenters of our institution are not of a particularly religious turn of mind. This being so I have been not a little surprised during the past few days at the unusual demand for 'A Bible Dictionary, please.' Had the applicants been attired in clerical garb I should not have been quite so astonished, but somehow their appearance did not appeal to me as particularly saintly or scholastic. Indeed I was acquainted with most of them, by sight, that is, and knew them to belong to that class of regular 'loungers' who, under the pretence of looking for a situation, spend their days in the perusal of the illustrated papers. Could it be possible, I wondered, that some great religious revival had taken place in W——? At length, however, when a great burly navvy demanded a 'Bible Directory' I began to grow suspicious. Dim recollections came back to me of certain hideous posters which had tormented my eyes as I passed through the streets, and as these reminiscences took shape, I caught up a popular magazine and glanced through the advertisements. The mystery was quickly solved and I found that all unknown to me a 'grand new religious weekly,' intended—so the advertisement ran—for Sunday reading, had been launched upon a triumphant course of publication a week before. Among the announcements stood out in large type the particulars of a 'great Scriptural competition' for £100. Truly the publishers of such journals know how to attract the multitude."

THE Holiday Number of the New York "Book Lover" is, in general appearance, very large and imposing. It is interesting, too, but in rather an unexpected way. It consists mainly of extracts and cuttings. Amongst its varied contents we find two of our own articles—one printed with acknowledgment, the other without. Under the heading "Current Literature" we are given ten reviews of books by their authors. In asking for these reviews the editor said:—

The idea of asking authors to review their own writings grew out of entire dissatisfaction with "reviewing" done by the every-day critics. So long as one reads but one periodical his mind usually remains unshaken, but if two or more are taken in the wonderful diversity of opinion concerning books of value and importance unsettles the reader completely.

The authors say exactly what we should expect them to say. They do not review, they simply state what they tried to do. Perhaps the most interesting statement comes from Lucas Malet. She says:—

All I want to inculcate is humanity, always and only that. And to do it, one must take life sanely and see it whole, just so far as is possible to one. This implies walking in dangerous places sometimes, but, if one's purpose is honest and humane, one can take the risks fearlessly.

As to "Sir Richard Calmady," I cannot tell you how and why he came into being. From a child, those to whom nature or accident has been cruel have seemed to me peculiarly pathetic. I never knew Arthur Kavanagh, the Irish landlord and member of Parliament, who was even more hideously crippled than my "Richard"; but I heard a great deal about him from time to time, and he entered for something, I suppose, into my conception of "Richard."

I hold it a mistake to draw from life, except in the case of quite minor characters. Such drawing too frequently degenerates into caricature, and caricature is as tempting to the evil side of one as it is essentially inartistic.

We hardly think the "Book Lover's" new departure will prove particularly enlightening.

MANY of our own writers are rather painfully prolific, but in America they do things which should make authors over here envious. In the "Book Buyer" we find this: "A month-old comment in this column on the fact that Harriet T. Comstock would see three books appear this fall from as many publishing houses has brought it out that Carolyn Wells will nearly triple that record. There will be, before Christmas, no less than eight books of her writing," &c., &c. The "Book Buyer" seems to be trying successfully to Americanise its English.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, in "Harper's Bazar," has been telling girls what to read. Fiction and poetry, he says, should be read "least and last," which is a very hard saying indeed. However, everything depends on the girl. Mr. Howells has recently assured us that the man who writes novels writes for women—they constitute his public. But to educate that public up to novel reading a good deal of hard work seems to be necessary; Mr. Howells assumes that the indispensable part of a girl's reading should include "history, biography, travels, studies in the speculative and exact sciences, and philosophical and critical essays." When Mr. Howells comes to novels he is not kind, but we do not say that he is unjust:—

Most novels are worse than worthless, not because they are wicked, but because they are silly and helplessly false. Among the worst of the worse than worthless are the historical novels, which pervert and distort history, not so much because the authors are wilfully indifferent to the facts, as because they have not the historical sense. A very, very few novels in this kind are above contempt, but these are so good that they redeem all their kind. Some of Scott's (but not many), Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," Tolstoy's "War and Peace," D'Azeglio's "Nicolò de' Lapi," and the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian treating of the Napoleonic campaigns are books of such superlative excellence as to give one pause in any headlong censure of the class they dignify. . . . But when a poor girl has read them, what shall she do? Go on from them to worse novels? By no means; she must go back to the best, and read them again and keep reading them, and them only.

That is quite sound advice, for others as well as girls; but still the pseudo-historical novel increases and multiplies, and its author flourishes like the green bay tree.

THERE reaches us from Toronto a volume of verse entitled "Flower Legends and Other Poems." The publisher tells us that its author, Miss Alma Frances McCollum, is "a young lady of some twenty-two summers," and that this volume is her first venture. We rather like Miss McCollum's simplicity and frankness. She has this quatrain as a kind of motto to her book:—

Of classic lore some poets sing;
I—if I could—would rather write about
Some simple talking little thing
Which, when you read, you feel like clipping out.

The "Flower Legends" are for the most part pretty and unaffected, and there is a personal flavour about the following lines which make us hope that Miss McCollum is too wise to be spoiled by flattery:—

Her friends said she was clever,
Her foes confessed it, too;
"The press" at times proclaimed it—
What could the poor girl do?
With all this vast assertion
She half believed it true;
So own they sneer, "She's clever,
But then she knows it, too."

In a letter to a contemporary Mr. R. Barrett Browning finally settles the question of the identity of the Miss Browning to whom we referred last week. Mr. Browning says:—

The lady who died recently, aged eighty-eight, was Sarah, daughter of my great-grandfather, Robert Browning, by his second marriage, and not Sarianna, his granddaughter and my aunt, who, although a little older, is now in the best of health, and has resided with me since my father's death.

"A VOLUNTEER HAVERSACK," printed for the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, Edinburgh, is a rather remarkable little book. It contains over fifty contributions and a baker's dozen of illustrations—all presented for the good of the Brigade by writers and artists. The editor, Mr. Stodart Walker, says in his preface:—

Being a writer of sorts, my conscience needed some little drugging to enable me to play the mendicant, but an assumption of the claims of what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls "the patriotic bias," and the hardening effects of habit, served to stiffen my purpose. The result of my appeal will speak for itself. Of course I had disappointments. There was a marked silence on the part of some which had a fuller meaning than the silence which means consent. Mr. Barrie was good enough to convey his regrets on the back of a cheque for three guineas.

Mr. Walker is certainly a successful mendicant: most of the contributors are well-known people whose work represents the best kind of popularity. We are glad to see that Mr. Quiller-Couch still writes verse; we should like to see him return oftener to his early love. "Mary Leslie" has the true ballad stuff in it. Amongst the long list of contributors appear Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. A. C. Benson, and Mr. Austin Dobson. "A Volunteer Haversack" should find many readers; it is, in its way, the most varied collection of modern work that we have seen. And those who have given have certainly not given of their worst.

WE believe, as we stated recently, that short stories in volume form would have a reasonable sale if publishers would take as much trouble over them as they do over novels. We notice that Ian Maclaren's "Afterwards, and Other Stories" is now in its third edition, completing the twentieth thousand. A new edition of "Kate Carnegie" also reaches us, the dedication to which remains mysterious: "To a certain Brotherhood, Faithful in Criticism, Loyal in Affection, Tender in Trouble."

WE have seen nothing in the way of dedications quite so inclusive as that with which Mr. Jaakoff Prelooker sends forth "The New Israelite." It reads as follows:—

TO
The Rabbis of the Synagogue,
His Holiness the Pope of Rome,
The Bishops and Pastors of Protestant Churches,
The General of the Salvation Army,
The Brahmins of India,
The Dalai Lama and Hossus of the Buddhists,
The Literati of Confucianism,
The Dostoors of Zoroastrianism,
The Shaikhs and Mullahs of Mohammedanism,
The Teachers of Positivism, Theosophy,
And other forms of Religious Belief,

The author respectfully desires to dedicate this narrative of a humble attempt to foreshadow the Future.

This is followed by an acrostic addressed to the author in which the writer begs Mr. Prelooker to "rest not nor sheath thy sword till th' echoes wake."

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Western Mail" gives some interesting particulars of the late Mr. G. A. Henty's mining experiences in South Wales. Mr. Henty's father, who had made a moderate fortune, bought, in 1852, some old iron-works at Banwen. This was at a time when the Welsh iron industry was reviving after long depression, but unfortunately the new proprietor knew nothing of the iron industry. He removed with his family to Banwen, which was a bleak, boggy, and uncomfortable neighbourhood, and proceeded to lose his money. There was not even a proper approach to the works, and material had to be hauled in sledges over the hills. Also there was a dispute with a neighbouring landowner as to right of way. The whole thing resulted disastrously, but it was good training for the future story writer.

It was not a bad idea to get actors to give lists of their favourite recitations. In "Favourite Recitations of Favourite Actors" Mr. Percy Cross Standing has brought a number of such lists together. On the whole we find more literature than we should have expected, though there are pretty bad lapses here and there. Shakespeare comes first in point of popularity, and we range downwards through Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, Mr. Jerome, and Mr. G. R. Sims. Rossetti appears four times; Mr. Standing says he had a "melodious pen."

FROM Oxford there comes to us the 1902 Sacred Prize Poem, "Jonathan (A Song of David)," by Mr. Arthur S. Cripps. It is not a very distinguished poem, but it is at least dignified and musical. We quote from it the following lines:—

O sword of Saul! O bow of Jonathan!
No more to be those ye fierce cities' dread,
To cease from Israel having served your span,
And in the dust be numbered with the dead!
I know not yet whose lot the Hand Divine
Leaves darker, yours or mine!
Blindly I grope and totter to mind end;
They are too harsh for me these hands that spill
Blood o'er my path in moaning torrents still.
How the king's heart is lonely for a friend!

WITH a view to make the existence and usefulness of the Guildhall Library and Museum better known and appreciated, the Library Committee of the Corporation of London has arranged for a lecture to be delivered in the library by the librarian, Mr. Charles Welch. The lecture is to be illustrated with limelight views, and will be entitled "The Guildhall Library and Museum, their history and treasures." Its main object will be to show what rich provision exists in the Library for the wants of students of all classes.

THE December number of the "Cornhill Magazine" opens with a fine and dignified poem by Mrs. Woods, entitled "The Builders: A Nocturne in Westminster Abbey." We quote the following lines as fairly representative:—

Not in the footsteps of old generations
Our feet may tread; but high compelling spirits,
Ineluctable laws point the untrodden way
Precipitous, draw to the uncharted sea.
Again and yet again the appointed angel,
A pillar of fire before this murmuring people,
Moves beckoning on, again and yet again
The dragon-haunted untractable wilderness
They must adventure, or make the Grand Refusal
And die forsaken of God the despised death.

MR. THOMAS HARDY contributes to the current issue of the "Dorset County Chronicle" some interesting personal recollections of the late Leader Scott (Mrs. Baxter). Mr. Hardy says that he first remembers Lucy Barnes "as an attractive girl of nineteen or twenty, living at the house of her father, William Barnes, the poet and philologist. At that time of her life she was of sweet disposition, but provokingly shy, with plenty of brown hair, a tripping walk, a face pretty rather than handsome, and extremely piquant to a casual observer, having a nose tip-tilted to that faint degree which is indispensable to a contour of such character." Mr. Hardy says further on: "Her appearance, gracefulness, and marked gentleness made her a typical 'Lucy,' from whom the numerous Lucys in the novels of that date seem to be drawn." One feels the touch of a man describing a heroine. For many years of her later life Mr. Hardy saw little of Leader Scott; the "to-morrow and to-morrow" passed and then came the news of her death.

Bibliographical.

THE three-volume annotated edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution," issued by Messrs. Methuen the other day, is to be followed by a three-volume annotated edition of the same work published by another house. The public, of course, gains by the choice thus afforded it, but it seems a pity that two editions with precisely the same aims should appear within so short a space of time. Carlyle's work is remarkable for the many forms, at various prices, at which it has been issued in this country. Look at its history during the past decade, for example. In 1892 there were two fresh editions, each in one volume—one, at three-and-six, in Routledge's "Hundred Books," and one, at two shillings, in Messrs. Ward and Lock's "Minerva Library." In 1894 came a five-shilling issue in two volumes by Chapman and Hall, who also put out a half-guinea edition in three volumes in 1896. The latter year also saw two editions by Messrs. Routledge—in one volume at three-and-six, and in two volumes ("Crown Classics") at seven shillings. In 1897 Messrs. Dent came into the field with a three-volume edition at four-and-six and at six shillings net—the latter in "The Temple Classics." An illustrated edition was issued by Messrs. Chapman in 1900 at five shillings, and by Messrs. Ward and Lock in 1901 at two shillings. There was also Messrs. Macmillan's reprint in 1900 in two volumes at seven shillings net ("Library of English Classics"). Further, there is the "Edinburgh" edition in one volume on thin paper at two shillings. This is what I should buy if I had to acquire the work anew, for it is both handy and clearly printed. But it will be seen that there are editions for all purposes and pockets.

It is natural to feel some curiosity as to the "Early Prose Writings of James Russell Lowell" which Mr. John

Lane is to issue. Are these to consist of articles dug out of periodicals, or reprints of such things as the "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (1845)? I think I am right in saying that the first of Lowell's prose writings to reach England were those contained in the little book called "My Study Windows," published by Messrs. Low in their "Copyright Series of American Authors." My own copy of this book is one of the fourth edition, dated 1871, and therein I made my first acquaintance with Lowell's "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," "Chaucer," "Pope," "Carlyle," "Swinburne's Tragedies," and "Smith's Library of Old Authors." "Among My Books" (1870) brought with it the papers on "Shakespeare Once More," Dryden, Lessing, and Rousseau. In 1888 came "The English Poets, &c.," in which the essays on Rousseau, Lessing, and "Shakespeare Once More" reappeared, with papers on Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats. In the preface to this volume Lowell mentioned that its contents were "more than thirty years' old," and, with the exception of Lessing, were originally written to be delivered as lectures. "This will account for, if it do not excuse, their more rhetorical tone." Since then we have had "Last Literary Essays and Addresses" (1891) and "The Old Dramatists" (1892). A complete and uniform edition of Lowell's critical discourses might prove attractive to the reading public.

The "Six Plays of Calderon," translated by Edward FitzGerald, and now announced for publication by the De la More Press, are of course those which appeared in 1853, with their titles thus Englished—"The Painter of his Own Dishonour," "Keep your Own Secret," "Gil Perez the Gallician," "Three Judgments at a Blow," "The Mayor of Zalamea," and "Beware of Smooth Water." "The Mighty Magician" and "Such Stuff as Dreams are made of," published in 1877, are necessarily still copyright. Another book announced by the same Press is to contain the letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple. But we had a reprint of those epistles so recently as 1893. Some literary enterprises strike one as a little unnecessary. Thus, why prepare for publication a selection from the "Silex Scintillans" of Henry Vaughan, when that work is already obtainable in a complete, neat, and cheap form? Messrs. Dent issue it at one-and-sixpence net. Messrs. Bell have also an edition at half-a-crown.

Mr. Goodspeed, of Boston, U.S.A., invites English critical comment on his new edition of Ellery Channing's "Life of Thoreau." Here I have to do only with its bibliographical interest. The "Life" was published originally in 1873, and has been revised and enlarged for the present purpose by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who uses some hitherto unpublished material. Mr. Sanborn, it will be remembered, is himself one of Thoreau's biographers. He wrote a short memoir issued in 1882, and a much more elaborate one which appeared last year; he has also edited Thoreau's "Familiar Letters" (1884). Then we have the biographies by "H. A. Page" (reprinted last year) and by H. S. Salt (1890 and 1896). Altogether, Thoreau has been rather over-"biographed," I think.

The fact that Mr. Tree is about to produce at His Majesty's a dramatization of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" will of course create a demand for English translations of that story. Mr. Maude made a version which appeared in 1900 at six shillings, one-and-six, and sixpence; of this there was a second edition last year. Last year, also, there was a sixpenny edition, published by Simpkin, to which Mr. Maude prefixed an essay telling us "How Tolstoy Wrote" the story; and there was another sixpenny edition issued by the Free Age Press.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Intellectual Accountant.

RELIGION AS A CREDIBLE DOCTRINE: A STUDY OF THE FUNDAMENTAL DIFFICULTY. By W. H. Mallock. (Chapman and Hall. 12s.)

As to his temperament, Mr. Mallock is admirably shaped for the task that he attempts in this volume. Between the lines of this characteristic book we discern an egoist of so detached a kind as to be capable of interest in everybody's every phase of thought, while profoundly assured that for him personally they have no actual significance. He sits in his stall watching with a lazy Olympian eye the drama of life. He finds such diversion in his observation of the human race as if he himself belonged to another. He is completely irreverent—no weight of authority can scare him; and because he is supremely intelligent he will take your thought and shape it for you into such symmetry that you shall be proud to call it yours. Just to show us how persuasive he can be (it has failed, we find, to put us on our guard), he placed this gift of lucid exposition not long ago at the service of a particularly fatuous version of the Shakespeare-Bacon device, and a number of intelligent people found themselves juggled into an admission that involved the strange consequence that Bacon wrote Pope.

Mr. Mallock's present volume has been developed, we suppose, from an article which he wrote in one of the reviews about the treatise on Psychology contributed to the Stonhurst Philosophical Series by a Jesuit of the English Province. Expanded, it has become a bird's-eye view of the field in which rages the battle between Monism and Dualism, between Free-will and Determination. Mr. Mallock is in the delightful position of agreeing with no one at all. Many of us would like to enjoy the sensation of being in a minority of one, but few can ever contrive it. However paradoxical the position you assume, some wretch is bound to spoil everything by hatefully agreeing with you. There is a company, it would seem, lying always in wait for unfriended opinions, and espousing them for no better reason than that they are friendless—espousing them like anything. Mr. Mallock's present ingenious effort leaves him in ecstatic isolation. His simple plan is to deny force to the arguments of one side while accepting its conclusions, and while denying the conclusions of the other to accept its premisses.

That fundamental difficulty named in the sub-title is the place of free-will in the system of things. This, with two other buttresses of superstition (to use Prof. Haeckel's word), constitutes the Religion which Mr. Mallock here champions: the existence of a living God, worthy of religious emotion, is one; the other, that the life of man does not cease upon the dissolution of the physical organism. "In order," writes Mr. Mallock in his assumed character of Intellectual Accountant, "to show how these doctrines may be defended successfully and exhibited as worthy of a reasonable and sincere belief, our first task must be to examine the methods of defending them generally employed by the religious apologists of to-day, and to realise that they are worthless and hopeless, and do far more harm than good" (which sounds like an echo from the merry days when "Faust and the young witch once more hid the preacher from the eyes of his congregation").

Many readers interested in currents of philosophy will remember how Mr. Mallock winds up his examination of Father Maher's attempt to establish between man and the other animals a difference of kind, with the triumphant declaration that "as a whole, and on every one of its parts, it is futile." Next, "Ideal" Ward, in his endeavour to escape the determinism of psychology, is pictured as a

man "running from a train which, before he has gone a yard, overtakes him and knocks him down." Huxley receives the kind of treatment he loved to dispense to his "wretched little curates"; and his attempt, in the interests of man's ethical dignity, to deflect the course of his monistic logic is compared with "the antics of a barking dog in front of a locomotive engine." That well-meant attempt of his to distinguish between "will" and "must" is thus summed up by Mr. Mallock:—

Prof. Huxley's doctrine, which is to redeem men from utter moral paralysis, amounts to telling them that, though the actions of all men, since men began to be, have been absolutely determined for them by an unbroken train of causation, and though there is every reason to believe that they will be always so determined in the future, there is no necessity why things should be thus arranged, and that at any moment any one of us might become blessedly free, just as stones at any moment might begin to fly upwards.

Mr. Herbert Spencer fares no better. In a moment of partial forgetfulness of his own monism, Mr. Spencer, in search of a religion, invites us to remember that it is not for nothing that the Unknowable has implanted in man certain impulses and repugnances; and Mr. Mallock pounces on him with: "Surely here is anthropomorphism with a vengeance!" And how, he asks, does Mr. Spencer's general doctrine, that all our thoughts and actions are necessary parts of a single cosmic process, "allow of our telling ourselves that the Universal Cause, of whose character we know nothing, would prefer that we did one necessary thing rather than another necessary thing, and that it is open to us to coöperate with the will of this mysterious gentlemen or not to do so?" And, lest the philosopher should essay an impossible task, he is closed once for all with the assurance: "To questions like this there is no possible answer." There remains to be dealt with the New Idealism, represented by Prof. Ward of Cambridge; and the new idealists have at least to thank the Accountant for a most lucid prospectus. But fascinating as he shows this theory to be, of a real world that has no "existence" and an "existing" world that has no "reality," alas! not even by this flight into cloudland have they been able to evade the monster Necessity that emerges when we knock at any of the doors of the universe as generally understood.

Thus, on the whole, "that entire conception of existence which alone for the mass of mankind has invested life with value is in absolute opposition to that general system of the universe the accuracy of which is every day re-attested by every fresh addition made to our positive knowledge."

What then remains? What does Mr. Mallock offer to a desperate world, trembling on the one hand for its reason, on the other for its liberty? He has invented a phrase: "The practical synthesis of contradictories." And to encourage us to make free with it, he points out that all the time, in every department of the realm of the cognizable, we are accepting contradictories. In the realm of natural science the final triumph of *a posteriori* reason—the discovery of ether (this is his crucial example) that seemed at first to offer a refuge from the difficulties surrounding the question how bodies can influence each other across a void—itself opens up questions no less perplexing, involving no less frequent contradictions: How can a continuous body expand and contract? How can an absolutely simple body resolve itself into a specific complexity? Paradoxes associated with the ideas of the infinite and the infinitesimal are less legitimately alleged, seeing that if they furnish exceptions to such an axiom as that the whole is greater than the part, this need imply no more than a limitation of the field subject to the law. That by the way. Remains the fact that "the small, bright oasis of knowledge" in which Huxley rejoiced is in fact surrounded, not, as he said, by a vast unexplored region of impenetrable mystery, but by the contradictory

and the unthinkable. Logic brings us to a point on which it is itself destroyed:—

If then [he winds up] every synthesis which we make in picturing the world as real involves, when submitted to analysis, contradictions which cannot be reconciled, and if nevertheless our belief in the reality of the world continues, it is perfectly obvious that there can be no *à priori* reason why we should not believe in the reality of the religious synthesis, though the principle of freedom which it obliges us to assert appears to our intellect incompatible with the determinism which we are unable to deny.

But is it worth while? The lame and clumsy attempts of Huxley and Spencer, alluded to above, bear testimony to the supreme importance for human life and conduct of an escape from determinism. Of the reality of the free and moral world, generation after generation, "by its love, by its blood, by its tears, by its joys, by its sorrows, by its prayers," has testified its inextinguishable conviction. Nothing remains, therefore, but frankly to acknowledge that with regard to life in its totality "the intellectual compatibility of propositions is no test of their truth." Our attitude is figured thus:—

If religion, in the face of modern knowledge, is ever to be re-established on a firm intellectual basis, this result must be brought about by a recognition of the intellectual truth that the existence of nothing in its totality can ever be grasped by the intellect; that the totality of things in general, and of each thing in particular, is a tree of such enormous girth that our arms are too short to clasp it, and, instead of meeting round it, extend themselves in opposite directions.

So Mr. Mallock carries it through with a fine swagger to the end. And if we have seemed to treat his book lightly, let it not therefore be supposed that he has not in a measure carried us along with him. To this extent at least: that we believe him to have made plain a way in which a man may make his pilgrimage with confidence. If his destructive criticism is, in this direction or that, less unanswerable than he supposes—and to examine it in detail is beyond the scope of a mere review—that will not affect the force of his conclusion. Its general acceptance would make a change in the outlook analogous to that which may be supposed to have been in the mind of the prelate who (if ever there was such a person) upon the definition of Papal Infallibility exclaimed: "Thank God! we've done with history!"

The Age of Reason.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE GEORGIAN PERIOD. By George Paston. Illustrated. (Methuens. 10s. 6d.)

THIS book is the highly diverting product of research and compilation. It possibly contains not much of first-rate importance in the domestic history of the times that was not previously known to quite half-a-dozen formidable specialists of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, it is a magazine of instructive and amusing information, even for students of the D'Arblay Diary, the Delany Autobiography, Boswell, and other treasures of gossip. It brims over with a mysterious quality known as "human nature." Its outlook is wide and comprehensive, and a shrewd and witty intelligence has obviously inspired and presided over the entire achievement.

The longest and most important of the twelve papers which comprise the book is entitled "A Burney Friendship." It contains correspondence, partly inedited, between Dr. Burney and the famous Fanny on one side and a certain great-niece of Mrs. Delany, Marianne Port, on the other. Marianne was aged fourteen when the letters begin, and she died, as the widowed Mrs. Waddington, in 1850, thus forming a curious link between two violently opposite periods. Fanny Burney's earlier letters to the girl are somewhat laboured and effusive, but they improve in

spontaneity as time flies, and meanwhile we are cheered by the fact that Fanny could not spell. Here is a characteristic passage from a good letter:—

I have seen nothing of your friends the Equerries lately, as we have lived but little at Windsor. The last meeting I had with them was upon the road, when I passed them at eight o'clock in the morning, in a postchaise, with my head and hair full dressed; and as it was not a Drawing-room day, I saw them lift up their hands and eyes in wonder and amaze. They were Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy. I believe they thought me a little crazy. I was on my way to Westminster Hall to hear Mr. Sheridan close his oration at [the Warren Hastings] trial. And there I met your friend Mr. Jerningham, and there he met his friend Mrs. Anderson, who looked very pretty, and wanted no one to tell her so.

Marianne was a pretty young thing and married early and settled in the country, whereupon Fanny gave her some good advice about not *ruminating too deeply* (Fanny's italics). To watch the "matronisation" of the once slim and bewitching Marianne, through the medium of the correspondence, is both amusing and touching. Marianne had seven daughters and lost four of them. Fanny writes: "I rejoice your little ones are well. Do you get at all stouter yourself? Do you drink goat's milk? Who are your twelve visiting houses?"

When the incomparable Fanny gave herself to D'Arblay she could not break the news to her friend till three days after the ceremony. In the years following 1795 the two matrons bickered, in a manner not proper to the century, about the brevity of each other's letters. Fanny refers bluntly to Marianne's "fancied resentment against a succession of short letters," and caustically adds: "You forget, meanwhile, the numerous letters I have received from yourself, not merely of half pages, but of literally three lines—." Tut, tut! Dr. Burney's epistles were more in form. He gave Marianne accounts of social doings. In the year of Trafalgar he writes to her: "I am sorry your stay in the capital is likely to be short, for in spite of the ill-humour of politicians, and afflicting events in the West Indies, London was never more gay, festivities more frequent, or the houses of the great and affluent more crowded on nights of being at home than at present."

But the emotional climax of the correspondence is reached when Fanny's son "Alex" began to startle his doting parents by signs of wondrous precocity. The diarist writes to her friend of his prominence on speech day at the "école at Passy":—

He finished . . . by receiving . . . such marks of distinction as drew tears—not bitter ones—from the eyes of your two D'Arblays, and I know not that my dear father's would have been perfectly dry had he seen his little godson called upon by the headmaster to receive, in the midst of a *salle* of seven hundred spectators, the first prize for *bonne conduite*, which was Thomson's "Seasons" in French prose; and then called by the *sous-prefet* to receive upon his little head a crown of oak leaves. Then such applause!!! . . .

Alas! This amazing recipient of Thomson's "Seasons" in French prose—surely the most inhuman prize that the fiendish ingenuity of pedagogues ever invented!—became a rather mediocre clergyman, and was carried off by influenza thirteen years before his mother died. The fifty or sixty pages of the Burney paper are compact of similar quaintnesses.

In the essay on the "Ideal Woman" of the Georgian Period, the author of "A Modern Amazon" and "A Study in Prejudices" employs a humour charming but malicious against the pretentiousness of the male sex then and the male sex now. The satiric tone, if it partakes of the nature of special pleading—as it does—is far from unwholesome. George Paston will have nothing to do with the ideal Georgian woman, "fine by defect and amiably weak," calculatingly ignorant, and feeble by design, who thought that "her interests and sympathies should be bounded by the kitchen on the one side and the store

cupboard on the other." Her remarks on the position of children and the *patria potestas* are shattering:—

The nursery need not be taken into account because this model mother, whose maternal virtues are held up as an ensample to the modern woman, boarded out her babies when she could afford the luxury, and only paid them periodical visits until they had outgrown the noisiest and most troublesome period of infancy. This system was the outcome of the eighteenth-century method of regarding children as beings full of original sin, whose youth was a kind of mental and moral disease which rendered them unfit occupants of a civilised house. . . . Public opinion being less foolishly humanitarian in those days than it is in these, [the father] was able to avail himself of his privileges, and was regarded as being well within his rights if he took a year-old child out of his wife's charge and gave it to his mistress.

This is vigorous, if ruthless, and George Paston brings the testimony of several great men to prove that they at least did not acquiesce in the popular feminine ideal of ignorance, feebleness, and servile humility. Swift, as usual, contrived to be felicitously trenchant on the point. He defied the upholders of the ideal to find a single instance where *want of ignorance* in a woman had produced untoward results. We do not agree with George Paston's view of Johnson's general attitude upon the woman-question. Johnson had a way of using the phrase "a pretty woman" which portends much. He was a great and good man, but it must be remembered that he was twice caught with a lady on his knee, and that when well over sixty he averred that, were not his thoughts fixed on eternity, he could spend the rest of his life driving about in a postchaise with a pretty woman—intelligent and able to add something to the conversation. There were distinct possibilities of the gay dog in the exemplar of all the virtues who did not agree with Boswell that the physical passion of love had been productive of more misery than bliss.

In a paper on Georgian literary criticism, George Paston shows that the "This will never do" or bludgeon style of Jeffrey and Company was at any rate an improvement on what had preceded it. The "Critical Review" thus referred to the wife of the owner of its hated rival, the famous and long-lived "Monthly Review": "An antiquated Sappho, or rather a Pope Joan in taste and literature, pregnant with abuse, begot by rancour, under the canopy of ignorance!" The other essays in the volume deal with the Felon, the Fencing School, the South African War, the Yeoman's Daughter, &c., &c. They are almost uniformly excellent.

What is a "Literary History"?

A LITERARY HISTORY OF PERSIA: FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES UNTIL FIRDAWSI. By Edward G. Browne. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

WE fear that despite Mr. E. G. Browne's candid explanations in his Preface as to his arrangements with his publisher, by which he postpones to a second volume the History of Persian Literature proper, the "general reader" will be not a little disappointed. Mr. E. G. Browne thus explains his position:—

It was originally intended that the work should be completed in one volume, carrying the history down to the present day. . . . I ultimately found myself obliged to conclude this part of my work with the immediate precursors of Firdawsi. . . . Thus agreeably to the stipulations imposed by my publisher, the two volumes will be independent one of the other, this containing the Prolegomena, and that the History of Persian Literature within the strict meaning of the term.

My chief fear is lest . . . I may have fallen between two stools, and ended by producing a book which is too technical for the ordinary reader, yet too popular for the Orientalist by profession.

We cannot speak for "Orientalists by profession," but we can assure the learned author, who is "Sir Thomas Adam's Professor of Arabic" and "Fellow of Pembroke College," that with the best will in the world the "ordinary reader" will not be able to digest this volume of Prolegomena, but must wait for the promised volume on Persian Literature to follow. Mr. E. G. Browne states that the "model" placed before him was Jusserand's charming "Literary History of the English People," the conception and execution of which so delighted him that—

I therefore decided to make for the series to which it belonged the effort which I had so long contemplated. For it was the intellectual history of the Persians which I desired to write . . . the manifestations of the national genius in the fields of Religion, Philosophy, and Science interested me at least as much as those belonging to the domain of Literature in the narrow sense, while the linguistic vehicle through which they sought expression was, from my point of view, indifferent. I trust that my readers will realise this at the outset, so that they may not suffer disappointment.

We have Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People" before us as we write, and a more striking contrast between the conception and execution of the Frenchman's scheme and Mr. E. G. Browne's it would be hard to find. M. Jusserand has scarcely a dull page; he is full of life, colour, human interest; he aims at showing us the English people behind the literature, he is continually condensing facts, generalising brilliantly, and making literary pictures of his epoch. Mr. E. G. Browne shows immense learning, prodigious industry, and untiring vigilance, but he is little more than a chronicler of facts, an investigator of origins, a critic of theories, all of which theories, origins, and facts, though no doubt of passionate interest to the Orientalists, are handled in so leaden a fashion as to be beyond the powers of the ordinary reader. Scores and scores of Mr. E. G. Browne's pages contain information of the following character:—

There were, however, other sects of the Shi'a (Kaysaniyya and Zaydiyya) who recognised as Imáns descendants not only of al-Husayn's brother, al-Hasan (Imáns, that is to say, who make no claim of descent from the House of Sásán), but of his half brother Muhammad Ibnu'l-Hanafíyya (the son of the Hanafite woman) who were not children of Fátima, and hence were not the direct descendants of the Prophet. These sects, however, seem, as a rule, to have had comparatively little hold in Persia save in Tabaristan), where, as we have seen, a dynasty of "Zaydite" Imáns flourished from A.D. 864 to 928, and need not further claim our attention, which must rather be concentrated on the Imámiyya or Imámities proper, and its two great branches, the "Sect of the Twelve" (*Ithnā-'ashariyya*), which prevails in Persia to-day, and the "Sect of the Seven" (*Sab'iyya*) or Isma'ílis, with its various branches, including the notorious Assassins . . . , &c.

Now the facts presented in this extract are no doubt important, but they are of a character which M. Jusserand does not admit into his scheme of literary history. An architect in planning a great building is often obliged to make hundreds of drawings of detail, but a literary historian must so select his facts, must so grasp his details, as to interpret a people's genius and illumine their thought. If, however, the historian has so ambitious an ideal as to aim at tracing the origins of a people's national religion, the schools of its philosophy, the growth of its science, to discuss its legendary and ascertained political history, to throw light on genealogical and philological matters, to single out its prominent figures in every department of human activity, then he must either have a canvas thrice as large as Mr. E. G. Browne has allowed himself, or he must be prepared to compile a volume of literary facts without scale or proportion. But a volume of literary theories and facts is not necessarily a literary history. Mr. E. G. Browne, in the volume before us, is dealing

with the relatively obscure mental history of an Eastern race whose concepts of life are so alien to the European mind that it is of the utmost importance for him, if he is to reach the English reader's intelligence, to explain more than to chronicle, and to illustrate, illustrate, illustrate his impressive but arid pages of learning, picturesquely. He has evidently felt this need of being picturesque, and occasionally he has made his history living by concentrating attention on a few notable personalities, such as Bábak, Afshin, and Al-Hálláj. Such pages are, however, few and far between, and we are forced to content ourselves with the hope that in this first volume of "Prolegomena" an author has been laying the ponderous foundations on which he will rear later a brilliant superstructure. We suggest that if it be necessary he should remodel his plan, and in his second volume all literary catalogues and literary chronicles should be banished. Catalogues, as mere learned abstractions, are but an arid summary of what was indeed once living thought, but are now stupefying to the literary sense.

The Celt.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CELTS: ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.
By Magnus Maclean. (Blackie.)

THE literature of the Celts is so often referred to as a source of modern and, to some extent, of merely verbal inspiration, that a short history like the present volume has a distinct mission to fill. It is the more needed, if not the more welcome, because it deals with facts as well as fancies, with reality as well as romance. The first chapter treats of the breaking up of the old Celtic empire, the energy of Christian evangelisation and the dawn of a new literature. Then come special chapters on St. Patrick and St. Columba, on Adamnan's "Vita Columbe" and "The Book of Deer." Chapters are also devoted to the Gaelic manuscripts, particular attention being paid to the collection of Celtic MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

The main body of Celtic literature falls naturally into three distinct periods. To the earliest of these, the Mythological Cycle, belong the "The Sorrows of Story-telling." Of these three Sorrows, the third, that of "Deirdre and the Sons of Uisneach," though belonging strictly to a later period, is by far the most important, and has been translated over and over again into French and German as well as English. The principal sagas of the Heroic Cycle have been classified by Miss Eleanor Hull under eight different headings comprising a total of ninety-six tales. Ireland furnished most of these sagas, and in Ireland the chief contributor was Ulster. Next comes the Ossianic Cycle, the literature of which has been divided by O'Curry into four classes. The central figures, however, of these classes are for the most part the same, the heroes Fionn and Ossian. "The Four Ancient Books of Wales" are touched upon, as are also the Celtic contributions of Brittany. The bald outline of this portion of Dr. Maclean's book will not appear particularly luminous to many for whom Celtic charm is an ingredient of English literature, to be found principally in the pages of Shelley.

If one were to give an equally bald outline of Greek literature, one might compare the pre-Homeric legends to the first cycle, the *Iliad* to the second, and the *Odyssey* to the third. But with the vast literature that followed—the literature of emotion subordinate to form and of ideas arriving at the perfection of lucidity—the Celt has nothing at all to compare.

What are the emotions and the ideas which find expression in the three main periods of Celtic literature? The following lines, taken from Dr. Skene's rendering, are quoted from the third Sorrow of the Mythological Cycle.

Deirdre, like Mary Queen of Scots, is mourning for the home she is leaving behind her:—

Glen Etive! O Glen Etive!
There I raised my earliest house:
Beautiful its wood on rising;
When the sun fell on Glen Etive.
Glen Orchy! O Glen Orchy!
The straight glen of smooth ridges;
No man of his age was so joyful
As Naois in Glen Orchy.

Dr. Maclean also quotes from Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and Gall" the following lines which belong to the Heroic Cycle:—

Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdia faced the beach;
One had been our student-life,
One in strife of school our place,
One our gentle teacher's grace
Lov'd o'er all and each.

Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdia faced the beach;
Loved Ferdia, dear to me:
I shall dree his death for aye,
Yesterday a mountain he,—
But a shade to-day.

Finally, Dr. Douglas's beautiful rendering of a lament of Ossian may be quoted as suggestive of the third cycle:—

Long was last night in cold Elphin,
More long is to-night on its weary way.
Though yesterday seemed to me long and ill,
Yet longer still was this dreary day.
And long for me is each hour new-born,
Stricken, forlorn, and smit with grief
For the haunting lands and the Fenian bands,
And the long-haired, generous, Fenian chief.

Now, in each of these passages one finds a certain mournfulness, a constant looking back, extreme sensitiveness, the love of nature and a shadowy fear of fate. These qualities have remained typical of Celtic Literature from its birth. One could quote over and over again from the delightful anthology scattered through these pages, but it will be sufficient to refer to such apparently alien poems as "The Wine of the Gauls" and "The Battle of Inverlochy," to "Lord Nann and the Fairy" and "Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail." These poems, differing as they do in all else, harmonize with each other in so much as one and all express the same elemental emotions which are the heritage of the race.

The renaissances of the Celt have all tended to go back to the same ancient source of inspiration, the legendary past which now, as at all other periods, seems alone to satisfy the Celtic genius. The charm of these Pagan legends was even strong enough to oppose itself to the spirit of Christianity of which the Celts were the early champions. The printed literature, however, of the Scottish Gael is almost entirely religious.

The very mention of printed literature naturally suggests the question: What is the tendency of Celtic thought as separate and distinct from the emotional charm of Celtic poetry? At no period of their history do the Celts, as a race, appear to have assimilated European ideas. They, indeed, broke through the slumber of the Middle Ages, but it was only to express their own racial ideals. In that first faint rousing in France, and in the real awakening which came from Italy, the Celt had no share. Hundreds of years have swept by, but the Celt's dreams are essentially the same. Shakespeare, Descartes, Voltaire, Darwin have in turn dominated the centuries, but the Celt has remained faithful to Finn and Ossian. The world has been explored almost from pole to pole, but shadowy, haunted places are still to be found in Kerry. The whole globe rings with the vibrations of bargain and sale, but

the Celt is still listening for the far-off whispers of his ghosts. In an age when language is becoming less and less a matter of sentiment and more and more an appanage of commerce, the Celt is passionately anxious to revert to the tongue of the legendary Finn.

Well, there is something fascinating about the very wrong-headedness of it all. It is this vitality of sentiment, this fidelity to an artistic inheritance, this innate preference for the enlightenment of the soul rather than the comfort of the body, this unconscious ignoring of having as opposed to being—it is all this which makes a handful of surviving Celts a real, if an incongruous, item of the British Empire as well as of the French Republic.

Dr. Maclean concludes his interesting and sympathetic history of this strange, wayward literature with an appreciation of "The Master Scholars of Celtic Literature." The Philistine might urge—with the suggestion of veracity which is the secret of his dominance—that there is something fatal about the language as about the politics of the Celt. Certainly John O'Donovan's life was shortened by his work, and Eugene O'Curry died before completing his own self-imposed task. Unquestionably the great Bavarian Zeuss owed his death to his labours in Celtic Philology.

Self-Criticism.

SELECTED POEMS. By William Watson. (Lane. 5s. net.)

IN the absence of any prefatory information, we may conclude that this slender volume represents Mr. Watson's personal selection from the totality of his poetical work. Rarely have poets given us such personal selection; nor would it always—we might perhaps say not often—be of much judicial and representative value. The caprices of a poet's affection towards his poetic offspring are traditionally notorious. Mr. Watson, however, is critic as well as poet; and from his balanced temperament we might reasonably look for a more weighed self-criticism than we expect from his brethren in general. And even if not representative, such a collection is always experimentally and self-revealingly attractive. We sometimes wish, indeed, that it were the practice for every poet once in the course of his career to put forth a criticism of his own work from his own standpoint. It would not have the value of outside criticism, but it would have many and curious values of its own—even when it was least critical. Such a volume as this of Mr. Watson's is in a measure a self-criticism. It must needs be interesting to learn on what a poet chiefly prides himself, to see how far his choice echoes that of the best outside judges, to discover (perhaps) his unexpected indulgence towards this or that unadmired child of his brain—it may be, some weakly ones of the family, as is at times the case with literal paternity. From all this we can interpret something of his psychology as a poet.

Mr. Watson's choice certainly accords with his psychology, but not in the way of surprises. We look first, inevitably, to see if haply any of the finest pivotal poems (we might call them) have been omitted—a perversity one always suspects with fear and trembling from your wilful, not to say skittish, poet. But Mr. Watson, as we had surmised, is steady and well-conducted—no madcap whims from him. They are all there—we recognise them with a satisfied welcome; the richly dignified Autumn ode, Keats taking thought to himself (as it were); the Swinburnian and delightful "Ode to May"; the noble little "Lux Perdita"; that exquisite lyric, "Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls"; some of the finest sonnets; the well-known longer poems, such as "Wordsworth's Grave," "The Father of the Forest," the "Apologia," the "Hymn to the Sea," and "Lachrymæ Musarum." It is a selection which illustrates Mr. Watson's clear and calm sense. Yet the remembering reader will not be quite

without his cause of complaint—as an Englishman he would perhaps feel baulked of his right without that legitimate grumble. We could have wished some of those metrical critiques in little which are this poet's invention. The epigram in general, which he handles so well in the graver way, is conspicuously absent. Otherwise, the selection covers, we think, at once fully and sparingly, the various periods of his work—if, for the reason we have given, it cannot be said to represent every type of his work, nor all the types in which he has shown excellence. Austere Mr. Watson certainly has been: he has preferred that the reader should ask more rather than desire omissions. It is almost severe, it might be said, in its exclusions: a poet could scarce be more ascetically sparing in a representative compilation. Yet rigidly small though it be, or because it is thus small, we think the collection will enhance the writer's reputation with men of good will. Mr. Watson, like his master, Wordsworth, is a poet to need and benefit by selection. No one of his books—for general readers, hardly his complete poems—gives such a sense of his gifts as does this slight volume. We could quote freely in support of this opinion; but happily Mr. Watson does not need it at this time of day. We will recommend readers instead to make acquaintance with the book itself; in which we have found very little that did not efficiently justify its presence. Some there is, but a poet would scarce be mortal were it otherwise.

A Bundle of Letters.

LETTERS OF DOROTHEA, PRINCESS LIEVEN, DURING HER RESIDENCE IN LONDON, 1812-1834. Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. (Longmans. 14s. net.)

OF all forms of literature supposed to appeal to the general reader, that of the published correspondence is perhaps the most bound by its limitations. The mere fact that the material was not intended in the first place for literature, would in itself lessen its artistic possibilities, while the personal element in all letters written from one individual to another naturally tends to narrow any interest they may have for the reading public. On the other hand, the very absence of self-consciousness that must exist in a private correspondence should give it the rare charm of spontaneity; and if the personal element is one that may in some cases bore the general reader, it is also the only one that, in cases where it is the right personal element, justifies the publication of a correspondence at all. News has very little to do with it; for the news of yesterday's letter is the history of to-day, and history is not what we should primarily seek in the bureau of a lady of the court, though she were the wife of a Russian Ambassador. But the personality of the writer is another matter, and upon that personality, just so far as it is revealed or hidden in the letters now before us, depends the measure of their literary value.

Princess Lieven lived at the English Court for twenty-two years of the greatest political interest. She lived through crisis after crisis, from the downfall of Napoleon to the passing of the Reform Bill; she saw the English at their best and at their worst: she endured their coldness when Russia was unpopular; she revelled in their intimacy when it was in the ascendant. But, as we said before, news does not necessarily make for interest in a letter, and the news in these letters has become history long ago. What we look for in the correspondence of Princess Lieven is rather some evidence of that charm which made her the friend of kings and emperors and ministers, of that intellect which made her the enemy of a man like Metternich. Of the intellect we have sufficient revelation in her grasp of political situations, in her facile command of language which even the disguise of a translation cannot wholly destroy; but we must confess to having been disappointed

in our search for charm, or indeed for personality of any kind. Letter after letter is given up to the recital of events—events that were stirring enough, no doubt, when they happened, but that deprive the letters from a sister to a brother of the ordinary human touches that endure long after events have turned into dust or history. It is even a relief in our perusal of these wearisome pages to come upon the Princess's repeated demands for an answer to her letters—the General seems to have been a particularly bad correspondent, even for a brother—for they at least indicate that she was a woman as well as the clever wife of an ambassador. But we want still more; and, excepting occasional tantalising flashes, we do not get it. This is all the more disappointing, since the occasional flashes are brilliant enough in their way. Here is one of them:—

This beautiful England is always the same—an endless chain of perfections which appeal to the reason but leave the imagination untouched . . . but when one has seen everything, and grown tired of admiring, one wishes to feel, and England is not the country of emotions.

And here, in an allusion to the death of the Dowager Empress, is another:—

The latter sorrow arouses many sad thoughts, for with her Russia sees a whole century disappear.

Occasionally she gives us a glimpse of insight in a cleverly turned phrase, as in her description of Count Lavadovsky, "a young scapegrace, who has some cleverness, but lodged in the worst brains." And her character sketch of William IV., too long to quote here, is the best and almost the only attempt of the kind in the book. But these are the gems of the collection; and we lay down the bundle of letters with a real feeling of regret that their writer did not leave the affairs of Europe alone, and give free play to the human woman in her.

For Children.

THE SILVER LEGEND: SAINTS FOR CHILDREN. By I. A. Taylor. (Sands.)

It has come to be almost an established fact that in writing for children the secret of success lies in possessing the right point of view. It is generally acknowledged by this time that children do not want to be written down to, to be caressed, as it were, on every page, by the tender familiarity of the author, and to be reminded constantly that they are young and undeveloped and cannot therefore be addressed as intelligent beings. In no class of children's story, as a rule, is this traditional attitude of the author so well preserved as in the saintly legend, where the religious element so often offers an excuse for a sermon that destroys the beautiful teaching conveyed by the original story; and and it was therefore with some misgiving that we opened Mr. Taylor's book. The preface at once agreeably surprised us. An extract or two will show what we mean:—

To some children who read this book it may chance to ask that old, old question—Is it all true? Did these things really happen? . . . Now, the answer is that there are different kinds of truth. There is the truth, of course, which describes something that has come to pass exactly as it happened. . . . But there is another kind which is not quite so easily understood. It is the sort of truth which is clothed, as it were, in an image, when something you can see is used to explain to you something else that is hidden. . . . Now, some of the legends which have gathered round those special friends of God whom we call the saints, are true a little in this way. Some parts of them are as real as what you read in your history books . . . and though other things which are told may never have happened, or, at least, not just as they are described, yet most of them contain some truth, if you know how to look at it, &c.

Now, there is no doubt about this being the right point of view. There would be something very wrong with the boy or girl who failed to be won over by a writer so competent to inspire confidence, and we do not think many youthful readers will be disappointed in the stories that follow this introduction. They are all told in a manly, straightforward manner, that helps to make them an interesting combination of fact and romance and symbolism—very much the kind of combination that makes children themselves so interesting. Whether the story is of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, of the pretty origin of Candlemas, or of the victories of St. Olaf, the tone is always healthy; and details of persecution and torture, so morbidly insisted on in some stories of this kind, are never made prominent. If there is a fault to be found in Mr. Taylor's manner of narrating, it is that he is over-anxious to emphasise the historical at the expense of the romantic element. This is especially noticeable where he is dealing with subjects that have more or less passed into secular history; such as his rendering of the stories of St. Edmund, Joan of Arc, and Thomas à Becket, which very nearly degenerate into bundles of dry facts. But dryness afflicts children far less than an overdose of sentiment; and, undoubtedly, this writer for them knows what he is about in erring on this side. And we quite forget that he has been on occasion dull, when we reach the last chapter of all, and read the charming legend of the Ignorant Knight, who, after fighting battles all his life, entered a monastery in his old age, in order to learn about God before he died. But for all his good will to learn, he was quite unable to master more than two words out of all that the monks tried to teach him, and they were *Ave Maria*. These two words he repeated day and night, till he came to die and was buried.

But presently a marvellous thing was seen; for from his grave there sprang a tall, fair lily, though no man had planted it; and, looking at it, it was seen that upon every flower it bore the words, *Ave Maria*, written in characters of gold, so that the brethren were much amazed . . . and they understood that it was the Blessed Mary who had worked that wonder, that all men might know that she had accepted the devotion which, out of his ignorance and poverty, the knight had paid her.

Other New Books.

FAITH FOUND IN LONDON. (Burns and Oates. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a very curious and very interesting little book. It is not a novel; it is not an essay; one might call it an itinerary, a guide to that London which is the national centre of twelve million of King Edward's Roman Catholic subjects. And the two people who make the itinerary on a motor (for Romanism is progressive in London) are strangely contrasted. The visitor is from Italy, and he has a conception and an admiration of England as the material country. In fact, the first question of Count Marco, who came hither for the Coronation, is "Where is Jimmy's?" Here, he thought, would the essential England be found. But the English Catholic's motor car took the flippant Italian a Sunday ride round several scores of churches, as well as into hospitals and homes for fallen women which English Catholics have erected and support. No doubt at first Count Marco was a little bored and weary, and hankered after "Jimmy's"—the restaurant that has annexed the name of a Saint. But his host was inexorable, and with the aid of a White Lady who appeared at the Brompton Oratory, and the White Song which ran in the Count's head—

She is so circumspect and right,
She has her soul to keep—

the Count is brought to his knees. But to sum up the book in a sentence, it shows the shifting of

Roman Catholicism's centre of gravity. Italy, which should pride itself on an accidental supremacy, is indifferent to its privileges. To Count Marco the writer says: "Like the Spaniards in the East, you were ever the marrers of your own mission. And we English Catholics bear the reproach of your indifference to Heaven." Here one sees the anger of the English Catholic, conscious of such English Catholics as a Governor-General of India, a Lord Chief Justice, and the most learned historian of the day, that in Italy a statesman dare not announce himself a churchman, and in France may scarcely name the name of God. But Count Marco, having left Italy, finds faith in London. And the brief itinerary is told with humour, with turns into by-ways of comment and a delicate irony which will astonish those who protest without charity. For the book, anonymous as it is, has been written evidently by one who loves his religion, and is intimate enough with it to chaff its little weaknesses without offence.

EGYPT PAINTED AND DESCRIBED. By R. Talbot Kelly. (Black. 20s. net.)

MR. KELLY'S book has the fascination of its subject. It proves once more, if further proof were needed, that exploitation cannot ruin the world's distinctive places. Egypt is becoming as popular a touring-ground as the English Lakes, but tourists can spoil neither. We do not wish to undervalue tourists—commercially they are of vast account; we wish only to point out that the irruption of a foreign element hardly touches the bases of national and even provincial life. Certain superficial characteristics disappear, but essentially the human element remains; it may retire into itself, it may conform to certain arbitrary external conventions, but the heart of a people never changes. And Mr. Kelly's simple and unambitious notes force the fact home: in that lies the value of the book, and it has the further merit of being personal and observant. If Mr. Kelly had had more literary art we should have liked his book less. He sets down his individual impressions, and we think the more of them on account of the author's limited point of view. It is the point of view of the pictorial artist tempered by reasonable human sympathy, which we so often find more interesting than the purely literary outlook. In his particular medium as artist Mr. Kelly is very successful. Some of these coloured illustrations are, in their way, remarkable, particularly where pure landscape is dealt with: and Mr. Kelly certainly, now and then, gets broad and true contrasts of colour which delight the eye. He is less successful when figures are introduced. Now and then they fall well enough into the picture, but on the other hand they too frequently strike us as mere excrescences. There seems to be amongst artists an unaccountable passion for putting in figures where figures are not wanted; "human interest" is the catchword. But the people who look at pictures intelligently like something to be left to the imagination; they can supply their own human interest. Yet amongst books of its class Mr. Kelly's deserves a high place: it is sincere and distinctive, and the artist records atmosphere and sky with more than ordinary understanding.

ROUND THE HORN BEFORE THE MAST. By A. Basil Lubbock. (Murray. 8s. net.)

MR. LUBBOCK has written an exhilarating book; it is full of high spirits, the spirits of a public schoolboy turned loose in the world, with the true passion for adventure, and a firm belief in the ultimate good of everything. The author signed on to the books of the "Royalshire" as ordinary seaman with pay of two pounds a month; he had never been aloft in his life, and knew nothing of the working of a big sailing ship. But he pulled through,

and had a good time, as any reader of this book will discover. The crew, on the whole, was not a bad crew; it was ready to use knives, it cursed with a fine, full sea flavour, it played the fool occasionally; but it did its duty as well as it knew how. But it did not always know how. One of the most exciting episodes describes a fight between the author and a man called Bower on the mizen royal yard. Bower did everything the wrong way.

The end of it was that I got angry, very angry, for as soon as I did anything he undid it.

"If you don't get off this blasted yard at once, you d—d German half-breed hobo, I'll throw you down." He replied by aiming a shrewd blow at me with his right fist whilst he hung on to the jackstay with his left.

The ship was pitching heavily, with the result that he missed my face and nearly toppled over the yard.

I at once jabbed my left fist hard on his nose as the ship threw him forward.

That is the kind of thing that happens in the mercantile marine, and Mr. Lubbock generally managed to come out on top. When a man has Eton traditions to keep up he does not forget them even on the mizen royal yard. We have not read a book for some time which has a cleaner spirit of pluck and go. It has character, too; the officers and crew are touched in broadly and strongly.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF PRINCE BISMARCK. By Sidney Whitman. (John Murray 12s.)

BISMARCK in his retirement: a man of simple tastes with no outside form of relaxation; politics had eaten up every hobby. Not a "strong man," as he has been pictured and caricatured, but a man who could burn the candle at both ends if necessary. Like all Germans, he suffered from depression with none of the Englishman's *joie de vivre* which enabled Gladstone, after his bitterest conflicts, to take delight in classical research and dinner small-talk, and Palmerston at fourscore to back horses. He followed his instincts of duty without getting into quagmires in the vain endeavour to harmonise duty with the sophistry of "principles." He made an empire, he made kings, and in his old age wondered if he had not made them too powerful. His patriotism stopped short at the region of his stomach: he could not drink German champagne. The recipient, at all birthday anniversaries, of a flood of telegraphic sympathy from the world's rulers, and absolute deification from the masses. "He had the tenderness of the woman, much of the naiveté of the child, and all the qualities of the man." He was no favourite of England's politics, nor of their "traditional" method in dealing with other peoples. Their boasted world policy, he would say, had not placed a fowl in the cooking pot of the individual Englishman; and as for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, he considered him a "wilder Junge." He was not impressed by his own calling of politician, was proud rather of his status as Prussian officer; but the best photographs represent him in a plain black frock-coat. Think of Napoleon out of regimentals!

Such are the personal impressions which Mr. Whitman has collected of Prince Bismarck, that great intangible personality who dealt with the "imponderabilities" of life as other men deal with the half-pence. The book is well done, and very readable.

THE SHAKESPEARE CYCLOPEDIA AND NEW GLOSSARY: WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT VARIORUM READINGS. By John Phin. With an Introduction by Edward Dowden. (Kegan Paul. 6s.)

It would be difficult to say what this Cyclopædia does not contain. It is, first and foremost, a glossary of obsolete or unusual words and phrases in Shakespeare. But along with this it gives information on the folk-lore

of the poet's day, legends, old customs, antiquarian references, and the whole state of Elizabethan knowledge as shown in the plays; together with the mythological allusions—thus preventing the need for a classical dictionary in reading the plays. A few examples which have struck us may give some idea of its nature. Every reader must remember Shakespeare's frequent use of the word "spirits," such as in "Hamlet":—

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.

It involves nothing less than an old theory of physiology, says Mr. Phin. A smoke, it was supposed, ascended from the liver, was purified in the veins, and became the "natural spirits," which urge the blood through the veins. Further purified in the heart, it became the "vital spirits," which move the arterial pulses. Finally reaching the brain, it was yet further refined, becoming the "animal spirits," which produce the motions of the mind, and extend to the "limbs of feeling." These three spirits are one spirit, which is the intermediary between body and soul. It is a curious thing to find behind words so simple. Again, referring to the song—

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty country folks would lie,

he quotes Mr. W. Ridgeway's communication to the ACADEMY, October 20, 1883:—

Is there not here a reference to the ancient system of open-field cultivation? The corn-field being in the singular (see line 19) implies that it is the special one of the common fields which is under corn for the year. The common-field being divided into acre-strips by balks of unploughed turf, doubtless on one of these green balks "Between the acres of the rye, These pretty country folk would lie."

But to quote only a few specimens of the curious and interesting matter Mr. Phin has brought together would exceed our space. We can only recommend the book as an invaluable companion to Shakespeare.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. (Bell and Sons. 7s. 6d.)

THIS volume, the latest of an admirable series of monographs dealing with the work of British Painters, is especially interesting, as Lord Ronald has had exceptional opportunities, ready to his hand through family reasons, of giving publicity through the medium of photography to certain paintings by Sir Joshua which have never hitherto been reproduced. This fact alone makes the book of especial value. There can be no doubt but that Reynolds was the first English artist who was accepted seriously by the European painters of his period. He has been called the "Father of his Art." In a great measure Reynolds deserved this praise. He was a literary man; a man infinitely human. Nowise Bohemian, in the modern hackneyed sense of the term, he nevertheless had a broad-minded outlook upon the manners of the period in which he had his being. His Academic utterances were very didactic; they frequently contradicted the beautiful work which he fashioned with his brush. But in the charmingly arranged volume under discussion Lord Ronald Gower has most skilfully shown Reynolds as a man, as well as one who is an artist also; a loveable personality, who, to quote Dr. Johnson's words as recorded by Boswell, was "the most invulnerable man I know. The man with whom, if you should quarrel, you would find the most difficult to abuse." In every sense the book is admirable; a biography simple, clear, and most carefully arranged.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE LAW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

By A. V. Dicey. Sixth edition. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR DICEY'S book on the English Constitution is an acknowledged masterpiece. To a rich store of learning and fine legal acumen the author unites very unusual literary abilities, which render his work attractive even to those who are not professed students of the theory and practice of constitutional law. The present edition differs from its predecessors mainly in the additions which have been made to the appendix. Among these are two of especial interest—a Note on Australian Federalism, and a Note on Martial Law, which is "an endeavour to show that even during the existence of a war, martial law, in the strict sense of that term, cannot (except, of course, under Act of Parliament) exist in England, and that . . . the state of things popularly known as martial law is merely a result, during periods of warfare and disturbance, of the common-law right possessed by, or common-law duty incumbent upon, every loyal subject to maintain the King's peace by the use of whatever amount of force is strictly necessary for that purpose."

CHRISTMAS: ITS ORIGIN AND ASSOCIATIONS. By W. F. Dawson. (Elliot Stock.)

MANY books of this sort have been written since, and very likely before, the "Christmastide" of William Sandys. Mr. Dawson makes no claim to deal in a spirit of scholarship with a subject which would repay the attention of a scientific folk-lorist, but he has collected a vast number of notices of Christmas and its customs in all ages, and has presented them in a lively, if somewhat slipshod, fashion. His references are generally inadequate. His illustrations too, although numerous and entertaining, are a most extraordinary jumble of archaeological reproductions and modern fancies.

Mr. T. J. Grein continues to republish his notices of plays. The third volume of his "Dramatic Criticism" (Greening) covers the period 1900-1901. We respect Mr. Grein's sincerity as a dramatic critic, but his work hardly possesses the literary quality which alone justifies the republication of such criticism. Mr. Grein is neither a Hazlitt nor a Charles Lamb; his work is journalistic, and no more. Yet Mr. Grein is often perfectly sound. He says, in his notice of "Herod": "We are practically unequipped for the interpretation of poetic drama. Good intentions are plentiful, but there is no schooling, no method, no style. Blank verse is prose in the mouths of most of our players, and even harmony of elocution is utterly wanting."

The latest additions to Messrs. Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters" are "Greuze," by Harold Armitage, and "Correggio," by Leader Scott. To people who want boiled-down biography and appreciation the series will appeal: about as much is done in some sixty pages as can be expected. The reproductions from the work of the artists are not satisfactory: the ordinary half-tone block has its limitations.

NEW EDITIONS: The new illustrated edition of "Social England" (Cassell) takes us from 1509 to 1603. The illustrations are, in the main, well selected. Some of the landscape material is just what is wanted: such, for instance, as the "Battlefield of Flodden To-day."—The second edition of Dr. Pringle-Pattison's "Man's Place in the Cosmos" (Blackwood) contains two additional essays.—We have received the first four volumes of Messrs. Smith Elder's re-issue of Browning. Paper, type, format are all that could be desired. In the eight volumes of this edition are to be included the complete works contained in the publisher's well-known sixteen-volume edition.

Fiction.

The Strong Crude Novel.

MRS. CRADDOCK. By William Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE are sundry things in, and aspects of, this novel which will annoy the reader of nice taste. And the first is the long "Epistle Dedicatory" to one of the characters in the book. It is a pity that Mr. Maugham cannot yet perceive the infantile absurdity of such literary freakishness. He evidently thinks the dedication rather a clever idea cleverly executed. It is nothing of the kind. It is merely tedious tomfoolery. He evidently thinks it smart to begin his story thus:—

This book might be called also "The Triumph of Love."

And to insert (on p. 41) an italicised aside about English novelists and their heroines, in the form of a dialogue. The morning will certainly come when Mr. Maugham will wake up to the provincialism of such literary smartness. He will also regret the too ripe lusciousness of a few tender passages in "Mrs. Craddock." Some pages are as crude as the crudest parts of "Liza of Lambeth," and in a more offensive way. And finally he will regret numerous pages of feeble witticism and facile satire. Speeches like the following are out of place in a novel purporting to be a serious study of life:—

"That is one advantage of women," she told herself. "After twenty-five they gloss over their birthdays like improprieties. A man is so impressed with his cleverness in having entered the world at all that the anniversary always interests him; and the foolish creature thinks it interests other people as well."

We are convinced that Mr. Maugham will ultimately realise his faults, because we are convinced that he has in him the essentials of a thoroughly sound novelist. By far the larger part of this elaborate study of an ill-assorted marriage is very good indeed—strong, quiet, and occasionally beautiful. The character of Edward Craddock, the gentleman-farmer, is drawn with absolute conviction. His lack of imagination, his impassivity, his equanimity, his good nature, his utter inability to put himself in another person's place, even the trait of obstinate vanity which leads to his too timely death—all these things combine to make a human mediocrity that is vividly alive. Bertha, his wife, that curious admixture of sensuality, sensuousness, and intellectual pride, is an extremely clever invention, but not so authentic as Craddock. Miss Leys, the aunt, suffers, as a creation, from the same defects as Bertha. But Miss Glover, the Vicar's sister, another mediocrity, is in her way as good as Craddock. When Miss Glover read a particular chapter of the Bible to Bertha, Bertha being in a delicate state of health, Mrs. Craddock remarked that she didn't think the chosen chapter was quite to the point; and Miss Glover replied: "My dear, I don't want to reprove you—that's not my duty—but all the Bible is to the point."

Mr. Maugham makes no attempt to disguise the fact that the basis of Bertha's regard for her vulgar husband was physical. He handles the general history of the marriage with excellent simplicity and skill. The revulsion of Bertha's feelings is rendered almost to perfection. Later—when he has separated the husband and wife—he is less good, as Mr. M redith was less good when he separated the husband and wife in "Richard Feverel." The passionate episode between her good-for-nothing young cousin in London is a daring piece of naturalism, and within the possibilities of Bertha's character. But it alienates the sympathies of the reader, and in

so far as it does so, it is either badly invented or badly executed. In the last reconciliation between Bertha and Edward, the incident of the ball-dress, diamonds, and hashed mutton was a brilliant thought, but despite its brilliance, its raw symbolism cannot be defended. Craddock's death, too, though carefully and ingeniously approached, is unsatisfactory, and has the air of forcing the conclusion. Such marriages as Bertha's do not end with a broken neck.

In fine, the book is full of faults, but it has earned our genuine respect.

MOH AND RUST. By Mary Cholmondeley. (Murray. 6s.)

WE have sometimes approached Miss Cholmondeley's work with a certain uneasiness, the fear that our own idea of the author's staying power might prove to be exaggerated. "Moth and Rust" disposes of that fear. The three stories which the volume contains certainly fall in no way short of the author's best previous work; in some respects they reach a higher level. Emotionally, the tone is largely Miss Cholmondeley's old tone—we could not have wished to see that altered—but in two of the stories at any rate it seems to have gathered both depth and restraint. In construction each story is excellent. We are not sure that "Moth and Rust" is not overburdened with plot, but that is not because the plot is not well designed; it is because we find it a little too mechanical for a story whose basic interest is soundly human. The character of Janet Black is a bit of true and finely touched portraiture. She is a woman simple, devoted, unimaginative, slow of ideas, passionately loyal. When love comes to her she accepts it wholly, expanding to it with a childlike faith; when she has done the act, to save a dying woman's good name, that brings upon her the suspicion which finally separates her from her weak-hearted lover, she never shrinks. And all the time she is merely commonplace, almost stupid. After her romance has ended she retires into herself, resumes the habits of a narrow and almost vulgar life, and after some years marries, and bears children who carry their sorrows elsewhere for comfort. The other actors in the story are well done, but they were much easier to treat. Janet presented a by no means simple subject for convincing treatment, but Miss Cholmondeley has convinced us.

Of the two shorter stories in the volume, "Geoffrey's Wife" is the stronger in treatment and idea; indeed, we have not read for some time anything quite so terrible in its realism. And it is a perfectly legitimate realism; the episode might have happened to any man and woman in such circumstances. We do not say to ourselves—this is a clever piece of invention. We can see the surge of the crowd, the growing terror, the hideous climax. The simplicity of the means employed, the sureness of the handling, show real art. We do not say that "Geoffrey's Wife" is a perfect example of the *conte*: here and there we could have wished a sentence out, a phrase tightened. But we do say very confidently that the story has a force all its own.

"The Pitfall," which stands last in the book, is good also, but not so good. It is the kind of thing which might have happened, but which, in the world of experience, always seems (and fortunately) just out of reach. Here, as in the title story, the plot is a little mechanical. In some writers this would not matter; but Miss Cholmondeley's treatment of character is so personal and firm that we resent any of the usual conventional machinery. She needs no such adventitious aid as may be furnished by a telegram opened in mistake. However, these are minor points. "Moth and Rust" is a volume which we are glad to commend.

CHRISTIAN'S WIFE: A STORY OF GRAUBÜNDEN. By Maude Egerton King. (Smith Elder.)

THIS is an unaffected, a quite delightful little story; it has an almost old-fashioned air, but it is the kind of old-fashioned air which we are always glad to encounter. It is a simple narrative of the courtship and wedding of a couple of peasant folk, and it tells how they quarrelled foolishly and made it up again. We get a truthful picture of life in a valley familiar to thousands of tourists, but it is just the human element which most tourists miss. The character of Christian's wife is drawn with more than ordinary understanding, and her nursing of the child of the woman over whom she and her husband quarrelled touches the emotions naturally and quietly. It is the domestic and homely atmosphere of the book which constitutes its charm. The people are all real, including the children. The children, indeed, are as good as may be, and entirely free from that sugary sentimentality which makes us suspect them in so many modern novels. There is a scene between Christian and his boy which hits off a rather trying situation admirably: the man remains a man, the child a child. We can recall not a few recent books in which in a similar situation the attitudes have been unnaturally reversed. We should be glad to see more stories like this of Mrs. King's; it has given us greater pleasure than much more ambitious work, simply because the whole thing is unstrained, well-proportioned, and pleasantly human.

THE OTHER MAN. By Martin J. Pritchard. (Hutchinson.)
MRS. PRITCHARD'S novel lays no claim to high artistic ideals or a new vision of life, but it is written with freshness and spirit, and makes a fair endeavour to realise the quality of English country life under the Regency. The beginning and the end are melodramatic, with extravagant gambling scenes in which fortunes are won and lost at White's. For these we do not care. Even as melodrama, they are exceptionally unconvincing. But the main course of the story, which passes in the neighbourhood of Penshurst Grange, an ancient house with "rose-red walls," set "between two oak-grown spurs on the Surrey hills" is pleasant enough. The formula is as ancient as the house. It is that of the elderly and self-suppressing lover who turns out to be the right man after all. He is represented by the Rev. Wilfred Tabourdin, once a young blood about town, now Rector of Penshurst Vale. Mrs. Pritchard does not attempt to depart from conventional psychology, and from the descriptions given the expert in fiction will probably be able to deduce the parts which their respective owners play in the story. There are some good descriptions of lush English scenery, and a variety of interest is afforded by an excursion to Brighton, the Brighton of the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

ONE'S WOMENKIND.

By LOUIS ZANGWILL.

A study of the domestic and social side of the life that the author, who is also known under the pseudonym "Z. Z.," is plainly well acquainted with. One's womenkind in this connection may include one's mother, one's sisters, one's women friends, one's married friends, one's hostesses, as well as the woman one loves. The story is divided into six books: "The Bachelor," "The Guardian," "The Wooer," "The Benedict," and "The Husband." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE WEIRD O'IT.

By M. P. SHIEL.

The author of "The Purple Cloud" has never shown himself to be lacking in invention. In this very long

novel of melodramatic life (it runs to 726 pages), there is plenty of invention, but it is more chastened than in former books. A paragraph on page 123 gives a hint of the plot: "Dr. Stanley, however, had been murdered: Pole had hardly a doubt, though the flash had not exactly proved it, but why, and how?" Two mottoes stand upon the title page. One is from the "Wisdom of Jesus, son of Sirach," the other from Thomas à Kempis, "Do frequent violence to thyself." (Richards. 6s.)

TALES OF A FAR RIDING.

By OLIVER ONIONS.

Five tales by the author of "The Compleat Bachelor." Mr. Onions writes a straightforward style, without digressions. Here is a specimen: "I thought my jaw would snap like the wishbone of a chicken. The attack was so unexpected that I did not think to kick, and the blood flooded my head and buzzed in my ears atrociously. As I suppose now, he meant that the first taste of this should cow me once for all; he must have seen my sickness in my eyes, for he allowed me a little breath; but the hard hand still held my mouth with a nauseating pressure." (Murray. 6s.)

GODFREY MARTEN: SCHOOLBOY.

By CHARLES TURLEY.

This, as the title indicates, is a story of school life. It is not in the least like Mr. Kipling's "Stalky & Co." Indeed, the narrator does not quite seem to have made up his mind whether he is a boy or man. Look at these sentences: "Evidently he had forgotten that I was fractionally his host." "Being a kind of semi-official fag to Mackenzie gave me a right to go to his study whenever I pleased." Boys do not use such words as "fractionally" and "semi-official." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE RELATIONS AND WHAT THEY RELATED.

By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

A series of weird stories told by people whose turns are decided by lot. The Consulting Physician draws the first, and he begins with "The Man with no Face." He is followed by the Young Matron, who tells the story of "The House which was Rent Free." The Country Solicitor comes next with the tale of "The Heir-at-Law," and so, one after the other, the relations seek to startle each other until at the final gathering on New Year's Eve the Socialist relates the story of "The Statue of the Marchesa." (Robins.)

THE RACK OF THIS TOUGH WORLD.

By AGNES GIBERNE.

The opening chapter of this novel deals with the eternally complex problem of a man's "intentions," in this case "Tom's." The last chapter is entitled "And Tom —?" Between these two chapters the heroine, Joyce, passes through the world's rack into the quiet harbour of domesticity—Tom's. It is a good world for Joyce after all, and the note of pessimism suggested by the title must not be taken too seriously.

CAMP FIRE SKETCHES.

By A. G. HALES.

This little paper-covered book is from the pen of Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent, whose work we have often discussed. The present volume is a series of short stories dealing with incidents in the South African War. (Everett and Co. 1s.)

We have also received: "A Double Revenge," by L. T. Meade (Digby, Long and Co.); "The Track of the Storm," by Dora Russell (Digby, Long and Co.); "The Black and White House," by Lillie Crane (Digby, Long and Co.); "Where There's a Will," by E. Everett-Green (Hutchinson); "The Woman of the Hill," by "Une Circassienne" (Greening and Co.); "The Cleavers of Cleever," by Annie Thomas (Treherne); "Richard Gordon," by Alexander Black (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston); "The Conquest," by Eva Emery Dye (A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)	17/6
„ Quarterly	5/0
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Critic and Author.

IN the new translation of Balzac's "Memoirs of Two Young Brides," which forms part of Mr. William Heinemann's "Century of French Romance," two eminent men of letters, Mr. Henry James and Mr. Edmund Gosse, assume the rôle of flies on the Balzacian wheel. It is extraordinary how the vast romantic theme of Balzac causes those who treat it to minimise themselves, to render themselves as it were parasitic, and to pass out of their usual sobriety into an untrustworthy mood of ecstasy. Here, for example, is Mr. Edmund Gosse, who kept a judicious poise amid all the frenzies of Ibsenism and anti-Ibsenism, ecstatically perpetuating the old fallacy that Balzac was a prodigy of productiveness. "It is impossible to name here," he says, "a tenth part of so fertile an author's most important works; to deal with the bibliography of Balzac is to try to count the stars upon a frosty night." Yet the standard French edition of Balzac's works, absolutely complete save for the discarded *œuvres de jeunesse*, and including plays, essays, and letters, is in twenty-four volumes, of which at least eight are of minor importance. Balzac wrote only one really long novel, "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes," twenty novels of medium size, and short stories. In a dozen years Guy de Maupassant wrote seven novels and two hundred short stories. But critics do not rave over the fecundity of de Maupassant, nor compare his bibliography with the heavenly firmament. The fact is, that Balzac was a great worker, but scarcely a great producer. His methods were too clumsy and wasteful to result in any astonishing bulk of production. Scott was much more fertile.

Again, we have Mr. Henry James dropping in prose-poetry over that amusing *jeu d'esprit*, the "Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine" of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe. To construct a biographical dictionary of 576 pages (not 550, as Mr. Henry James with poetic inaccuracy states it) of the characters in Balzac's fiction was not a bad literary joke; but it *was* a joke, and when the authors got Paul Bourget, with his famous "Etes-vous balzacien déterminé," to write a preface for their jocosity, they went far enough. Mr. Henry James calls the "Répertoire" "impeccable." We wonder if he has ever thoroughly tested it. Our own copy contains additions made in hours of acute Balzacian fervour.

Mr. James's pretty essay on Balzac's genius extends to forty-three pages, and it is gemmed with sparkling felicities. Of the novelist's total accomplishment, he writes: "What he did above all was to read the universe, as hard and as loud as he could, into the France of his time." In defining the gulf between Balzac and some of our own giants, Mr. James says admirably: "The great difference between the great Frenchman and the eminent others is that, with an imagination of the highest power, an unequalled intensity of vision, he saw his subject in the light of science as well, in the light of the bearing

of all its parts on each other, and under the pressure of a passion for exactitude, an appetite, the appetite of an ogre, for all the kinds of facts." Balzac wanted to narrate fiction and factual truth at the same time. He wanted to be both a publicist and an artist, both a reporter and a creator. And, says Mr. James, "The contradiction is always before us; it springs from the inordinate scale of the author's two faces." It accounts for his want of grace, his want of the lightness associated with an amusing literary form, his bristling surface, his closeness of texture, so suggestive, yet at the same time so akin to the crowded air we have in mind when we speak of not being able to see the wood for the trees." The figure by which Mr. James visualises Balzac's method of beginning one of his big works—"the great push of the shoulder with which he makes his theme move, overcharged though it may be like a carrier's van"—is pregnant with the true Jamesian wit. And here is another chip from the James block: "He has flights of judgment—on subjects the most special as well as the most general—that are vertiginous, on his alighting from which we greet him with a peculiar indulgence." And this is admirably hit off: "Wherever we find him we find him in force; whatever touch he applies, he applies it with his whole apparatus. He is like an army gathering to besiege a cottage equally with a city, and living voraciously, in either case, on all the country about." And so Mr. James runs brilliantly on.

Were we asked whether we regarded this kind of thing as literary criticism, we should reply, not without a touch of disparagement, Yes—of a sort. "Fine fancies to weave about a literary figure," Mr. James himself calls his remarks. We should call the essay an attempt to illuminate a tangled labyrinthine garden by means of catherine wheels and rockets. In his general purpose—that of explaining and assessing a genius—Mr. James fails. He may count on having pleased those who know their Balzac as well as he does; but as an "Introduction" to Balzac, his forty-three pages are about as practically useful as Johnson's definition of a net. In one of his special purposes, that of throwing light on the still unsolved mystery of Balzac's artistic career, Mr. James certainly fails. He does no more than state the mystery: "How was so solidly systematic an attack on life to be conjoined with whatever workable minimum of needful intermission, of free observation, of personal experience? Some small possibility of personal experience, of disinterested life, must at the worst, from deep within or far without, feed and fortify the strained productive machine." In other and less Jamesian words, how did Balzac, who went to bed at 6 p.m., rose at midnight, and worked creatively and continuously till noon, find opportunity to see the world and gather his material? Mr. James adds nothing to the elucidation of the enigma.

But our antagonism to Mr. Henry James in this matter is concerned with something more essential than his failure here or his failure there. We object to his attitude towards Balzac, both for the sake of Balzac and for the sake of Mr. Henry James. Criticism is not his vocation, and especially criticism of a man such as Balzac. He has written some charming literary studies. His taste, unlike the "Répertoire," is impeccable. But he has not the impassive critical voice. We resent his whispered sweet nothings about Balzac nearly as much as we resent his wonderful English translation of Alphonse Daudet's agreeable but second-rate novel of Tarascon. Nobody wants, or nobody ought to want, piquant subtleties about Balzac. The piquant subtlety school of criticism, whether practised by a fine creative artist in mufti or by a facile criticaster, has had its day. It is a decadent offspring of Anatole France's adventures-of-a-soul-among-masterpieces school of criticism. It is like a meal of Worcester sauce and meringues: it lacks nutrition; its effect is merely lingual. We care to see its method employed least of all by a distinguished

man who thereby, apparently without knowing it, appears at a disadvantage. The imagined spectacle of the Dean and Chapter stroking the dome of St. Paul's is not more ludicrously undignified than the spectacle of Mr. Henry James pirouetting across the huge reputation of Balzac. We speak in a literary sense, and out of our admiration for Mr. James's legitimate achievements.

Some years ago there was a reaction against the older, colder, canonical school of criticism represented by Sir Leslie Stephen, and, less prominently, by Prof. George Saintsbury. Few critics have been more ferociously mauled by the young bullies of smart journalism than the Professor; and for his slipshod English the Professor perhaps deserved most of what he got. But the scientific, almost academic criticism has survived, and now strongly supervenes. The orderly survey, the scholarship, the relating of men to their periods, the subjugation of the critic's personality, the suppression of pyrotechny, the avoidance of easy generalities—these same things have proved their vital power in criticism. Those who would realise what weighty and final criticism really is, and how far the greater portion of the most modern "appreciation" has degenerated from an austere ideal, should return to Sir Leslie Stephen's estimate of Johnson and Boswell in the "English Men of Letters" series. As for English criticism of Balzac, we are aware of nothing more useful, satisfying, interpretative, and authoritative than the fifty pages prefaced to Prof. Saintsbury's edition of "La Peau de Chagrin." In that introduction one may see a man doing capably the work to which he was born and for which he has educated himself. One may see a great artist handled with respectful fearlessness, not dandled, cosseted, pinched, and called a dear. When we think of Mr. Henry James's excursus we seem to hear from Balzac's grave the refrain of Yvette Guilbert's song, "Ne me chatouillez pas."

"Manchester al Mondo."

"HEAVEN is our Centre, why should we not be ravished to be there to joyne as Atoms to their unity and as rayes to the body of their light? To shew us the way from aloft, those torches of the night gallantly shew us their twinkling baits, they shine not to us but to shew us the way of their Azure vaults as being the only place of our repose." So wrote an English gentleman and lawyer, Sir Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester, in his "Contemplation of Death and Immortality."

The little book was first published anonymously; subsequently under the title by which it is generally known, "Manchester al Mondo." From the fourth impression (1638-9) the present has been reprinted in facsimile at the Oxford University Press. A slender little volume that you may carry in your pocket and forget, and there have been some that have carried it in their hearts.

It addresses itself to an age of limited outlook and curiously homogeneous thought. Men differed indeed vehemently, but not about the great issues. We are temperate in our differences, because they are so wide.

This Montagu was a man of affairs; in early life a member of parliament, and a busy barrister. He opened the case against Lord and Lady Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; as Chief Justice it was he who made award of execution against Raleigh; he was Lord High Treasurer in 1620; in his office of Lord-Lieutenant of Huntingdonshire he took composition in lieu of compulsory knighthood from Mr. Oliver Cromwell; throughout troublous years he was the King's trusted adviser. But at the back of his mind, while he was so busy, "I thought

it time," he says, "to seize on death before it seized on mee."

Quite simple and unrecondite were his thoughts. This man of the sixteenth century was free from the sense of fragmentariness that haunts us to-day—us who know that the brain of a Newton if it were ours would find its Plimsoll mark hopelessly submerged under the weight of that fragment of the knowable which constitutes the known. He has his Seneca (the Oracle of Morall men) and his Plato; he has Jeremy and Essay, and Job and Salomon, and Mordecai and Moses. Thus the world's history is present, in whole and in its parts, to his mind, and similarly there is no obscurity about the issues of human life. He was destined for a work in his generation, and he nerved himself to it, not by reflection upon its dignity and importance, but by perpetual remembrance that these things come to an end. He writes, therefore, in such depressing terms as these: "I have ever thought the right way to dye well was to live well: And the way to live well in the world was to dye to the world." Could there, to the modern mind, enervated by the feeling of futility, be urged a less promising motive? "In the Grave all looke alike, *Lazarus* sores will make as good dust as *Jezebels* paint." Therefore let us paint, since paint is more amusing than ulcers?—no; for "The Grave is but a withdrawing room to retire in for a while, or going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleepe." "And when I rise," he confidently quotes, "then shall I be satisfied." And all this pother of murder trials, and Oliver Cromwell compositions, and the death of the young innocent child of his own, that in extremity of sickness did ask: "Mother, what shall I do? I shall die before I know what Death is. I beseech you tell mee what is Death, and how I should dye"—all this we must bear up against for that "in this world we are all *Benonies*, the sonnies of sorrow; the way to Heaven is by weeping-crosse. The Calendar tells us, wee come not to Ascension day, till passion weeke be past." "Here," quoth he, "I have labour without rest: There I shall have rest without labour. In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillity, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Variety; in this Variety, Security; in this Security, Eternity; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reigne, what more" (he frankly puts it to you) "to be wished?" Therefore that we may die well, let us die daily. That word, "so pithy and so pectorall," sums up the mind of an English gentleman and man of affairs who, without affectation, could reckon it for a fair start in life: "God wrapt me up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious parents, and made me a subject to vertuous and gracious kings."

Impressions.

VIII.—The Trainer.

THE three white figures flashed past me and disappeared in the fog. I shivered and quickened my pace, for it was a raw night, and I felt the east wind cutting at those thin forms. There are some sights that never lose their strangeness to the roaming Londoner: one is the sudden vision of amateur athletes running their appointed miles through the streets after nightfall. Light-footed, noiseless, they pass like the wind and like the wind are gone. But the eye is quicker than the foot, and as those three figures flashed past me I recognised the leader. It was young Curtis.

Not without trouble I learned the name of the club of harriers to which he belonged, and the running ground where the members practised twice a week. There

I made the acquaintance of the trainer, a tall, wiry, grey man who had been a champion walker in his day, and was now trainer and—ground man. His world was the running world, and all else, except sport and dog-fancying, was a dim concern about which men troubled themselves needlessly. He was constitutionally conservative. The runners of the present day were "no class," but that opinion did not incline him to fumble with his duty. Conscientiously and quietly, save for that hissing noise that ostlers make when grooming horses, he rubbed the rabble down when they came in from their two or three miles spin. So I remember him; but I see him clearest standing at the door of the dressing room, a towel over his arm, and on his sharp face a look in which amusement and contempt were blended as he watched his protégés panting round the track. "Look at 'em! look at 'em, I say! do 'em a sight more good if they spent their money on rump steak instead of entrance fees."

"But they are better employed doing this than sitting in bar parlours," I remarked. "Anyway it's to your advantage that they should come here to train."

"Better employed! My advantage!" he cried with scorn. "Give me gents, and, mind you, I know a gent when I see him. Had a team from Oxford University down here last week. They come into the dressing-room to me with just a 'Well, Bob,' or 'Afternoon, Bob'; nodded, no shaking hands, no asking after the missis, then stripped themselves quite quiet, and did their bit. I rubbed 'em down, no talking, no gabble of what they'd done, or goin' to do, then dressed themse'ves. I stood at the door, pretendin' not to see that they was goin'. They're gents I says to myself. It's alright. Out they go in ones and twos, with just a 'Good night, Bob.' I stand there by the door lookin' as contented as a sheep, just as if I was a millionaire and money no object, till the last one comes to go. He just says, 'Well, good-night Bob, you've looked after us well,' and drops a sovereign into my 'and. I knew they was gents."

The runners were returning to the dressing-room. The scene comes back to me—the swaying oil lamp, the twilight through the open door, the dim grass beyond, one solitary figure toiling round the track, the crowd of heated runners in the room, shouting for their clothes, talking at the top of their voices, backing themselves one against the other, boasting, singing, shouting, young Curtis the noisiest of them all, and in their midst the silent figure of their trainer gliding among them with towel, and tight set lips.

When he had rubbed down the last of them he came to me at the door, and jerked his head towards the din and huddle: "They're argumenters, not pedestrians. That's what I call 'em!"

The Meiningen Orchestra.

FIVE concerts were given last week at St. James's Hall by a famous orchestra which has never before visited England, and which is not likely to visit it again. The Meiningen orchestra is the private band of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, in whom the good German tradition among Grand Dukes has persisted, with surprising results. Wagner, Richter, Bülow, Brahms, have all been in one way or another associated with this orchestra. The conductor since 1886, Herr Fritz Steinbach, is known as one of the best conductors in Germany; he is about to resign his post and become the Director of the Conservatoire of Cologne.

Other orchestras give performances, readings, approximations; the Meiningen orchestra gives an interpretation, that is, the thing itself. When this orchestra plays a piece

of music every note lives, and not as with most orchestras, every particularly significant note. Brahms is sometimes dull, but he is never dull when these people play him; Schubert is sometimes tame, but not when they play him. What they do is precisely to put vitality into even those parts of a composition in which it is scarcely present, or scarcely realisable; and that is a much more difficult thing, and really a more important thing, for the proper appreciation of music than the heightening of what is already fine, and obviously fine in itself. And this particular quality of interpretation has its value too as criticism. For, while it gives the utmost value to what is implicitly there, there at least in embryo, it cannot create out of nothing; it cannot make insincere work sincere, or fill empty work with meaning which never could have belonged to it. Brahms, at his moments of least vitality, comes into a new vigour of life; but Strauss, played by these sincere, precise, thoughtful musicians shows, as he never could show otherwise, the distance at which his lively specter stands from life. When I heard the "Don Juan" which I had heard twice before, and liked less the second time than the first, I realized finally the whole strain, pretence, and emptiness of the thing. Played with this earnest attention to the meaning of every note it was like a trivial drama when Duse acts it; it went to pieces through being taken at its own word. It was as if a threadbare piece of stuff were held up to the full sunlight; you saw every stitch that was wanting.

The "Don Juan" was followed by the Entr'acte and Ballet music from "Rosamunde," and here the same sunlight was no longer criticism, but rather an illumination. I have never heard any music more beautifully played. I could only think of the piano playing of Pachmann. The faint, delicate music just came into existence, breathed a little, and was gone. Here for once was an orchestra which could literally be overheard. The overture to the "Meistersinger" followed, and here, for the first time, I got, quite flawless and uncontradictory, the two impressions which that piece presents to one simultaneously. I heard the unimpeded march forward, and I distinguished at the same time every delicate impediment thronging the way. Some renderings give you a sense of solidity and straightforward movement; others of the elaborate and various life which informs this so solid structure. Here one got the complete thing, completely rendered.

I could not say the same of the rendering of the overture to "Tristan." Here the notes, all that was so to speak merely musical in the music, were given their just expression; but the something more, the vast heave and throb of the music, was not there. It was a "classical" rendering of what is certainly not "classical" music. Hear that overture as Richter gives it and you will see just where the Meiningen orchestra is lacking. It has the kind of energy which is required to render Beethoven's multitudinous energy, or the energy which can be heavy and cloudy in Brahms, or like overpowering light in Bach, or in Wagner himself, and energy which works within known limits as in the overture to the Meistersinger. But that wholly new and somewhat feverish overwhelming quality which we find in the music of "Tristan" meets with something less than the due response. It is a quality which people used to say was not musical at all, a quality which does not appeal certainly to the musical sense alone: for the rendering of that we must go to Richter.

Otherwise in that third concert it would be difficult to say whether Schumann, Brahms, Mozart, or Beethoven was the better rendered. Perhaps one might choose Mozart for pure pleasure. It was the serenade for wind instruments, and it seemed, played thus perfectly, the most delightful music in the world. The music of Mozart no doubt is the most delightful music in the world. When I heard the serenade I thought of Coventry Patmore's epithet, actually used, I think, about Mozart: "Glittering

peace." Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, and Beethoven all seemed for the moment to lose a little of their light under this pure and tranquil and unwavering "glitter." I hope I shall never hear the serenade again, for I shall never hear it played as these particular players played it.

The Meiningen orchestra is famous for its wind, and when, at the first concert, I heard Beethoven's Rondino for wind instruments it seemed to me that I was hearing brass for the first time as I had imagined brass ought to sound. Here was, not so much a new thing which one had never thought possible, as that precise thing which one's ears had expected, and waited for, and never heard. One quite miraculous thing these wind players certainly did, in common, however, with the whole orchestra. And that was to give an effect of distance, as if the sound came actually from beyond the walls. I noticed it first in the overture to "Leonore," the first piece which they played; an unparalleled effect and one of surprising beauty.

Another matter for which the Meiningen orchestra is famous is its interpretation of the works of Brahms. At each concert some fine music of Brahms was given finely, but it was not until the fourth concert that I realised, on hearing the third symphony, everything of which Brahms was capable. It may be that a more profound acquaintance with his music would lead me to add other things to this thing as the finest music which he ever wrote; but the third symphony certainly revealed to me, not altogether a new, but a complete Brahms. It had all his intellect and something more; thought had taken fire, and become a kind of passion. After that rendering of the symphony I feel that I know Brahms as I never knew him before. I learnt something, but of a different kind, about a composer who is often heard of at present, our only English composer we are told, Dr. Elgar. His variations upon an "Original Theme" (Op. 36) was the one tedious piece of music which the Meiningen orchestra has played in England. All this showed was a talent for writing what is called graceful music; and it was graceful, I suppose, but I counted the minutes until it was over. It had nothing to say, and it took a very long time to say it. It was not in such music that I at least could see signs of a future for English music.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Drama.

Actors and Minstrels.

In a recent article I called attention to the distinction which exists and always must exist between drama and those multi-coloured forms of entertainment which may be conveniently classed under the general term of minstrelsy. Two performances which I saw last week suggest some further reflections on the same theme, particularly with reference to the very different claims implied by the distinction in question upon the personalities respectively of the actor and the minstrel. One of these performances was that of Mrs. Kendal, who has been making one of her brief delightful re-appearances at the Coronet Theatre in the suburb of Notting Hill; the other that of Miss Louie Freear, the bright particular star of a popular "musical play" known as "A Chinese Honeymoon." I suppose that nobody will quarrel with the assertion that a "musical play," of the type now familiar in the minor theatres, is essentially minstrelsy and not drama. Habitual indolence and that lack of a desire to distinguish which marks an illogical people leads us to lump under the designation of a play everything which is put upon a stage, professes characters and a plot, and uses dialogue. But the fact remains that a "musical play" has wholly different ideals from those of drama, that it renounces both the appeal of

tragedy to the emotions and the appeal of comedy to the brain, that its triumph is not in unity but in diversity, and that the coherence of its parts by means of a plot and characters is merely superficial and not structural. Dialogue alone remains, and dialogue is frequent in minstrelsy and does not by itself constitute drama. I am not depreciating the "musical play." I see no reason why, if it altered its humour and its aesthetics, and got into the hands of artists and poets, and picked up some notions, say, from the Jacobean masque and the designs on Greek vases, it might not become a very tolerable form of entertainment. But I want to make it clear that it is minstrelsy, and that the methods of minstrels are wholly different from those of actors, a truth which the comparative study of two such remarkable talents, in their various ways, as those of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Louie Freear is admirably designed to illustrate.

The play in which I saw Mrs. Kendal was written half-a-century ago by Tom Taylor. It is very early Victorian, and the moral is, if I remember right, that a man should be master in his own household. About half the action is humorous and irrelevant by-play; the rest deals with soliloquies, and eaves-dropping, and indiscreet letters, and forged documents, and the rest of the stock-in-trade of a wholly artificial comedy of intrigue. With psychology or with the ordinary laws of probability it is not on bowing terms. But it affords an excellent character part for Mrs. Kendal, whose style, after all, was formed in the artificial school; and if you want to criticise the acting of a piece, it is perhaps as well that the emotional interest should not be too insistent. Well, acting, in the hands of Mrs. Kendal, resolves itself into interpretation, the loyal determination of a finished technique to the task of bodying forth in intelligible and consistent form the conception of another personality. It implies, therefore, an abdication of the actress's own personality, which may be got at indeed by an induction from a number of distinct impersonations, so that we learn to talk of "a Mrs. Kendal part," but which in each individual impersonation is loyally renounced and laid aside. And it implies a complete detachment from the spectator. All the relations set up are upon the stage itself; a relation across the footlights is rigidly excluded. And on this barrier of silence and denial the existence of the dramatic illusion depends. It need hardly be said that it is broken with a shock wherever actors indulge in the detestable practice of "taking a curtain."

You will not find any austere renunciation of her own personality in Miss Louie Freear, as she stands, with the light of intelligence gleaming in her eyes, in front of her rapid ring of chorus-girls. For the minstrel's personality is his stock-in-trade. With no dramatic illusion to keep up, no dramatic character to maintain, and no dramatic destinies to work out, what else should he depend upon? And it is by her personality that, through all the eccentric and irresponsible tom-foolery of her part, Miss Freear holds you; by this that she moves you to unextinguishable laughter, and at moments, if you are sentimental enough, to the verge of tears. Singing absurd ballads, making grotesque love, kow-towing, imitating De Sousa, queening it on a throne three sizes too big for her, she is always herself, never a mere mask, a mouth-piece, the puppet of a distant and Olympian author. Minstrelsy must be much harder work than acting, and it is not particularly dignified. The first law is not to mind making a fool of yourself. Now an actor never makes a fool of himself, even when he plays the fool, because his own personality is not there. On the other hand, the minstrel gets the benefit of the personal relation which he sets up between himself and the spectators. The affection of a Gaiety audience for that most inimitable of minstrels, Miss Ellen Farren, was a pleasant and a touching thing to watch. That is one side of the relation. On the

other, the loyalty of the minstrel himself to the folk whom he entertains has often been a pleasant and a touching thing also. I recall the letter of Charles the Fifth of France on the death of his fool, Thévenin de St. Leger, who still lies carved with cap and bells and bauble in the church of St. Maurice at Senlis. "Savoir faisons," says the King, "à leurs dessus dictes seigneuries que Thévenin nostre fol de cour vient de trespasser de celluy monde dedans l'aultre. Le Seigneur Dieu veuille avoir en gré l'âme de luy qui oncques ne faillit en sa charge et function emprès nostre royale Seigneurie et mesmement ne vult si trespasser sans faire quelque joyeuseté et gentille farce de son métier." This was written in 1374 to the authorities of the city of Troyes, which claimed the singular privilege of supplying the King with a "fol de cour" whenever he was in need of one. And, of course, there is the poor faithful fool of Lear, whose hanging comes as such a wanton and remorseless touch at the close of the bitterest of tragedies.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Painter as Critic.

A FEW years ago, for a brief period, it became the fashion for painters to write art criticism. The experiment, which produced some curious results, did not become universal; but it showed that painters as critics of the work of their contemporaries are less catholic and harder to please than literary critics. On the other hand, the great painter, *hors concours*, is bewilderingly lavish of his praise. From his perch on the mountain-top he can afford to scatter adjectives on the strugglers; but the painter of talent, who is still climbing, is more subject to the imperfections of our common humanity. Perhaps the critic who has once painted, but renounced the endeavour, is better able to appreciate the best in divers schools, however wide asunder they may be.

This week three galleries invited a visit: for the sake of variety, and also with a view to acquiring knowledge, I invited a painter to accompany me. First we went to the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street, where M. Bauer is showing a collection of paintings, drawings, and etchings. M. Bauer's name is new to me, but I was favourably predisposed to his work, through an appreciative article by the expert art critic of the "Daily Chronicle," who welcomed him as an inheritor of the Rembrandt tradition. My first impression of M. Bauer's etchings was their size; second, his industry; third, that he is a wanderer. His etchings are all Eastern subjects: he is a man of imagination to whom such far-away sights as "Morning at the Holy Ganges," "Harem Guard" and the "Sphinx" appeal. There are immense capabilities in his choice of subjects. They should produce in the beholder the sense of mystery, exhilaration, and wonder; but they do not. Why? I asked myself. Why did not M. Bauer's enormous etching of the figure of Mahommed II. suddenly appearing in a great, dim temple, on a white horse, with his sword brandished above his head, kindle my imagination, as a Rembrandt etching will? Why did not his infinitely painstaking drawing of Amiens Cathedral impress me? The painter and I discussed the problem. "They're flat," said he, "there's no depth in his shadows, and his lights have no brilliance. His drawing is awfully dull."

"M. Bauer reminds me," said I, "of a bricklayer, laying his bricks carefully and well, rather than the architect who conceives the design as a whole, and correlates each part to the final effect." I also quoted Sir Joshua Reynolds, who stated this problem in his own large way. But the painter did not quite see my meaning till I recalled to

him a portfolio of Goya lithographs that we had examined the night before. "Think what Goya would have made of Mohammed II.," I said, "with a few black splashes. Think in what a glow of light Rembrandt would have bathed the figure of Mohammed, and in what a mystery of darkness he would have imprisoned the huddled crowd." The painter smiled. "But now you are talking of Great Masters," he said.

On the way to Mr. Dunthorne's gallery, where Mr. Albert Goodwin is showing a number of Sunset and Colour drawings, we talked of this firm line of demarcation between the great and the merely capable. And we agreed once more that although genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, such pains continued to infinity will not avail a man to produce a masterpiece unless he has that little more which is everything. It has been called by different names at different times. Just now we term it ecstasy.

We entered the gallery, and in the corridor stopped short. There, hanging on the wall, was the real thing. We looked from it to each other, from each other to it. Speech was needless, but it amused us to deliver monologues explaining why Rembrandt's etching of "The Three Crosses" was the real thing. Soon we stopped chattering. It spoke for itself: no explanation was needed.

After a while we stepped into the inner gallery, where Mr. Goodwin's drawings are displayed. My companion had never heard of Mr. Goodwin. His air was somewhat antagonistic, and he had wandered round three walls, while I was still looking at one picture which appealed to my imagination. His interest did not go beyond the quality and truth of the painting. Therein lies the difference between the painter and the writer. It was nothing to him that Mr. Goodwin possesses a literary imagination, which, as a painter, is to his disadvantage as well as to his advantage. He is a man of ideas and fancies; he has striven to force paint to express more than it can or may, and I was curious to see if this exhibition showed that his period of discipline had begun. The small drawing, before which I paused so long, answered that question, and suited my mood. I did not particularly want to look at anything else. One's receptive powers are limited, and it is better to have a vivid impression of one picture than a scrambling memory of many. The drawing is called "The Indian Ocean"; it is happily titled, and happily conceived. Rich colour, massed and sombre, brooding over solitude and space, is its note. Above a strip of empty sea hangs a great blood-red evening sky. It is that pregnant moment of pause before the sun sinks, when nature is hushed, as if content to be reverently quiet while the Life-Giver passes. In England, where farms and cottages dot the landscape, the moment is impressive; but on the Indian Ocean—birdless shipless—such a moment must produce a still deeper impression. Man is an atom in infinite space, infinite loneliness, enfolded by grave, rich colours. This Mr. Goodwin saw and felt: this he was able to transfer to one small drawing. I beckoned to my companion and spent five minutes explaining its effect on me. He appeared to listen, and it was quite plain that he disagreed. "It's not true," he said. "With all that light in the sky, the sea could never be so dark." That was his only comment. I, content to accept Mr. Goodwin's vision, was grateful to him for the pleasure he gave me; my companion would accept nothing which did not convince him that the vision was true.

"What, then, do you like in a picture?" I asked, on the way to Messrs. Carfax's little gallery in Ryder Street, we having agreed that we should like to see Mr. Rothenstein's pastels a second time. He paused before answering. Painters are quick to decide what they like, but slow to analyse their preferences. "The quality of the paint," he said, as we paused in crossing Piccadilly to let a motor-car pass. "Most modern work is so stuffy."

"Mention a name," I said. "Manet! His brush-work gives me the feeling of fingering beautiful objects—cameos, gems, and ivories. Not so much his Luxembourg picture; and, oh! I'm not good at expressing myself, but there was a head of a girl at the Glasgow International Exhibition. If you saw it you must have felt how it stood out from all the rest. Manet used paint in the same sort of easy, er—loving way that a musician extemporises on the piano when he is alone. But I can't explain quite what I mean. The old painters had that feeling for paint; the moderns, for the most part, haven't. No, I didn't care for much at the New Gallery except the Watts portraits. I hated lots of the other portraits. If I were a critic I should always say what I hated." "But you would soon get tired of that," I said. "It's more interesting to state what you like, and so much more difficult."

Mr. Rothenstein is no exception to the rule that a painter is more satisfying in his studies and lyrical notes than in his finished pictures. Mr. Rothenstein in oil at the New English Art Club is one thing; Mr. Rothenstein in pastel at the Carfax Gallery is another. There he is showing some attractive little formal landscapes, and some very attractive little mother and child pastels. The latter have no touch of popular pathos, or sentimentality: they are just acutely and affectionately observed presentments of the intimate, universal incidents of nursery life—"Before the Bath," "First Steps," and so on. What he has seen, he has revealed with quick precision. There is no building up of a picture; no story to be told; no forcing of the note. My companion and I found ourselves in entire agreement. For the first ten minutes he was content to be well pleased; then he began to criticise the drawing. "I don't like that shoulder," he began, and his thumb shot out to figure an imaginary line in the air. But I cut him short, for it was getting late, and he had promised to show me his own pictures. We returned to his studio, where he placed one picture after another on the easel, frowning as he looked at them. He was very modest, and it struck me that he looked at each picture as if he saw it for the first time. Then I began to criticise, and he to look unhappy. "It's much easier to depreciate than to appreciate," I remarked. "I suppose I agree with you," he said; "but it's worse to be ignored." C. L. H.

Science.

The Increase of the Unfit.

THE number of insane persons in the community has been steadily increasing for the last fifty years. Cancer during the same period has doubled the number of its victims. Tuberculosis would probably have done the same were it not that improvements in treatment have led to the cure of slight cases in their early stage, and to the prolongation of life in the more severe. How far this may in part be due to the admixture of alien blood—the Jews, for instance, annually produce more insane children than any other nationality—we need not stop to enquire. It is sufficient that we should recognise the fact that the growing contamination of the nation's blood should be checked at all hazards, and should then seek for a practical remedy.

Now, of the three diseases named, the causes of the two first are still very obscure, while that of tuberculosis is almost certainly a *bacterium*. But it is abundantly certain that they are all of them transmitted by descent, and that an hereditary predisposition is the determining cause in the majority of cases. Moreover, it has been shown by many instances that it is the union of two persons both having the same taint that is most likely to produce any of these diseases in the progeny. The children of a

father having one kind of taint, and of a mother with another, may sometimes be lucky enough to escape the inheritance of either. But if the same disease is present on both sides of the family, it is almost certain to be handed down in an accentuated form. The subject is a delicate one, but any one who reads the articles on the "Mental and Moral Characteristics of Royalty" which Dr. Frederick Woods is publishing in America, will be convinced, I think, that in the case of insanity certainly, and in most other hereditary diseases probably, the type of the transmitted disease becomes more virulent by frequent transmission. And that, if a pause could be obtained in the rate of transmission, the type of transmitted disease would be altered for the better, is hardly to be doubted. The effect of vaccination upon the human species, and of anti-rabies legislation upon the canine, seems to have established that axiom beyond cavil.

The remedy being, therefore, plainly the prevention of the marriage of persons having an hereditary taint, it remains to be seen whether it could be practically applied. In the present state of public opinion as to the duty of the citizen towards posterity, it is probable that any direct legislation on the subject would be disregarded, as sumptuary laws have been in all ages; and the three diseases named not being of the kind that lend themselves to the creation of panic, it is idle to hope for any immediate change in this respect. Yet it has been pointed out by M. Emile Faguet that the same effect could be obtained by indirect means, and that the propagation of disease could thus be checked, as it were, by a side wind. The insurance offices, with the object of insuring as nearly as may be only lives with the best possible chance of survival, have long been accustomed to make minute inquiries into the history of the health not only of the person proposed to be insured, but into that of all his relations both in the direct and collateral lines. If, therefore, it could be secured that all about to marry should produce evidence that their lives were insured, we might fairly presume that hereditary disease did not exist in their families in any marked form. Legislation compelling bridegroom and bride to insure their lives for the benefit of their children would then do all that we want.

Are there any countervailing objections to this course? First, there is to be considered the question of expense. State aid being out of the question in the case of a measure that would neither flatter the masses—to use Mr. Gladstone's dichotomy—nor please the classes, we may assume that the expense would have to be borne by the intending spouses themselves. But they could not be compelled to keep up the payment of insurance premiums after marriage, and the object of the Legislature would be attained if they paid merely the first premium or, for that matter, if they merely proved themselves acceptable by an insurance office of standing without actually paying a premium at all. Moreover, what is euphemistically called "industrial" insurance, or insurance in consideration of a few pence collected weekly instead of yearly, has been lately brought within the reach of all, and is largely made use of by the very poorest class for the insurance of their children. Legislation to the effect suggested would not, therefore, imply any such change in the habits of the people as to warrant the belief that it would be, from that cause, unsuccessful.

Another objection which is regularly trotted out whenever any restraint in marriage is proposed is that by placing any obstacle, however slight, in the way of the due performance of the ceremony, you increase the number of illegitimate unions. This has never been proved, and to the anthropologist who knows how closely functions like marriage and funeral ceremonies are bound up not only with the sentiments, but, oddly enough, with the racial characteristics of a people, it may well appear doubtful. But even if this were the case, it is a cheering fact that illegitimate unions less often prove prolific than

legitimate ones; and in Scotland and Sweden—the two countries which enjoy the unenviable position of heading the list so far as the number of illegitimate children are concerned—the increase of illegitimate births has in no way kept pace with the increase of population.

On the other hand, the benefit of the legislation suggested, if it could once be made effectual, can hardly be put too high. The old theory that it takes three generations to make a gentleman is, Mr. Karl Pearson tells us, perfectly sound, and after three generations a useful variety can be trusted to breed true. But three generations are only ninety years, or hardly more than the span of one human life at the present rate of longevity. If, therefore, the required statute were passed now, our children might see a nation of Englishmen sane and healthy in the sense that they would be free from any hereditary tendency towards some of the most terrible scourges that can afflict the human race. The theme is one that demands the enthusiastic pen of a Besant. Whereas my voice is as that of one crying in the wilderness. The more's the pity.

F. LEGGE.

Avery MacAlpine.

[STELLA AVERY FARRINGTON MACALPINE.]

ALTHOUGH for just ten years no new title-page with the name of the author of "Teresa Itasca" has issued from the press, there must be many whose recollection of the volume thus called (after the name of one of the four stories it contained) will have been revived by the announcement of Mrs. MacAlpine's death.

"Teresa Itasca" (Chatto and Windus, 1886)—a work rather of fine promise than of the matured achievement revealed two years later in "Broken Wings" (Chatto and Windus, 1888)—had a critical reception which left the literary position of "Avery MacAlpine" in no dubiety, and sustained the judgment of the circle, enthusiastic rather than full, which had welcomed her first book. "Broken Wings" appeared serially in the "Pictorial World," as did "A Man's Conscience," published as a volume by Messrs. Sampson Low in 1890. "Joel Marsh: an American" (Ward, Lock & Co., 1892), was the last novel which Mrs. MacAlpine, herself of her hero's nation, ever wrote. Interrupted health and an intermittent affection of the eyes, which made sustained literary effort painful and uncertain, hampered her work during the last years of her life, and disappointed the expectations of that public of her own which had been able to appreciate the rather elusive and restrained character of her art. She contributed from time to time essays and short stories to "Black and White" and the "Sketch," and her fine critical taste gave a delicate individuality to her occasional appearance as a reviewer in several literary organs, including this journal.

But it was chiefly for their first acclamation of the four short, slight stories in "Teresa Itasca" that her literary admirers applaud themselves. They had, as it were, made at once this intimately delightful discovery of a personality in fiction, and the meagreness in all but quality of her eventual achievement gives the note of disappointed expectation to the regret with which the news of her death, after a short and rather sudden illness, has been received. She will be remembered in her novels and stories by the audience, fit if few, which first treasured, and by the larger public which eventually came to recognise, them.

It is not inappropriate to say that in social life Mrs. MacAlpine has left friends on both sides of the Atlantic, to whom the loss of an endearing personality comes with even a sharper pang than to those whose opportunities allow them to regret her talents alone.

Correspondence.

The Author Turns.

SIR,—I have received an autograph letter from the Secretary of the Paddington Free Public Library, asking me to present a copy of my last novel, and copies of "any of my other books" to the library. Doubtless I owe this attention to a reference to me in your recent summary of the Fiction of the Year, and doubtless other novelists have been similarly honoured. Paddington has a population of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand, and a rateable value of nearly a million and a half sterling. But the Free Public Library has to depend solely on voluntary contributions.

Beyond an occasional need of its renowned railway station, I have no interest whatever in Paddington, and I do not in the least object to Paddington supporting its own Free Public Library by voluntary contributions. But that I, an author depending on libraries for part of my income, should be asked, because I am an author, to put my hand in my pocket and present the Paddington Free Public Library with four-and-sixpence, seems to me a trifle preposterous. The Paddington Free Public Library is less justified in thus coming to me, than it would be in going to the pit's mouth and saying to the collier: "Now you have worked hard and brought that coal to the surface, kindly forfeit your wages and give the coal to us to warm our rooms with."

The Secretary informs me that "many noted authors have very generously helped" the Paddington Free Public Library. I am not a noted author, and even if I were, I should still stick to my principle of getting people to read my books in order that I might receive money, not paying away money in order that I might get people to read my books.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Hockliffe, Beds.

The Roman Road.

SIR,—With reference to the paragraph in your last issue concerning the promised dramatic performance of a piece called "The Roman Road," "by Kenneth Grahame," I can only say that I have written no dramatization of my short story bearing that title, and that any such dramatic version, if it has been made, has been made without my knowledge or concurrence in any way.—Yours, &c.,

Garriick Club, W.C.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

The Dangers of Mysticism.

SIR,—What I say in my short letter (which I am quite surprised to see printed in your issue of 22 November) is, I think, sufficient answer to Mr. F. Legge's article on the "Dangers of Mysticism."

Allow me, however, to just draw attention to the fact that the Salpêtrière doctors experiment with men and women of disordered organisation.

I am not a medium—on the contrary—but I have known dozens of mediums (I believe nine out of ten people are mediums), and I can conscientiously affirm that I have never come across a medium who had an inclination to hysteria or constitutional bad health. I should say mediums were quite as, if not more, robust than other people.

I can, at the same time, well appreciate why a medium, exposed promiscuously to the criticisms of frivolous visitors, should become warped and deteriorated by the atmosphere of bad faith usually brought to séances by ignorant, jeering, uncongenial visitors.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGINA WELDON.

Confound their Politics.

SIR, — Remembering a literary competition in the ACADEMY that involved the quotation of passages of poetry in which words and expressions now regarded as slang were used as standard English, I wish to suggest that "confounded" in the second verse of the National Anthem is now looked at askance by ecclesiastical dignitaries and by other persons of equal refinement. We have, quite rightly, had a great deal of the National Anthem of late years within our churches; but, for the most part, in the cathedral where I worship, mawkish lines, written by a good man who is not particularly squeamish, have been substituted for four out of the six which compose the second authorised verse. During the recent war we were not permitted to pray tunelessly that the enemy's politics might be put to confusion, and that his plots might come to naught. A fortnight or so ago, when we united in thanks and praise for the King's restoration to health, the second verse was, by episcopal direction, omitted altogether. Can it be possible that "confound" is merely regarded by nice people as a "swear word"? We may perhaps live to hear the *Te Deum* wind up with "Let me never be made uncomfortable."—Yours, &c., E. G.

OTHER LETTERS SUMMARISED: Mr. J. F. Muirhead wishes to know the author of the following lines:—

She first deceased, he for a little tried
To live without her, liked it not and died.

The lines are generally attributed to Sir Henry Wotton; they also appear as an epitaph in St. Bartholomew the Great, under the date 1680–81.—Q. H. notes a misprint in a classical quotation on page xxviii. of Mrs. Ritchie's Biographical Introduction to "The Yellowplush Papers."—Mr. Algernon Ashton's weekly letter begins: "The other day, after an absence of twenty-three days, I once more happened to visit the highly interesting old Bunhill Fields Burial Ground."

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 166 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best comment, not to exceed 150 words, on any article, review, or paragraph which appeared in that issue of the ACADEMY. We have received fifty-one replies. In selecting those to print we have excluded comments which were either too laudatory or too severe. We award the prize to Mr. G. Herbert Freeman, 21 Bedford Row, W.C., for the following:—

INTEREST AND AMUSEMENT.

I notice that many of your competitors were disqualified last week because their definition of amusement did not coincide with yours. You accept the word "amusement" in its popular sense, but it has a far wider meaning. I remember this wider meaning was the subject of one of Mr. Walkley's "Frames of Mind." He argued the necessity for all art to be "amusing," and, to strengthen his case, pointed out the curious fact that two very different men, Joubert and Rossetti, put the same thought in much the same way. Joubert said that the theatre existed to "divert" us—"nobly" if it could—but in any case to divert us; and Rossetti in a letter to Mr. Gosse wrote: "It seems to me that all poetry to be really enduring is bound to be as amusing (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature."

Other comments follow:—

LIFE, AND A MAN OF LETTERS.

Poor Mr. Howells—after his years of study and work, to be thus written of! Hard lines for a young man; how much harder for a veteran? And the criticism is written both calmly and tenderly. Sometimes, it seems cruel to be faithful; such a judgment as this would break the heart of some men; but how shall we get another great book or period unless we dare to cry aloud that life is before literature and the man the soul of the book? Our authors are going away from life and becoming dilettante. Where is the man with power to see his own heart and the heart of the times—and write? We shall get such a man again, some day. He may write only one book, and it will take him all his life—but what a book it will be! Heaven send him and it, quickly! [H. V. S., London.]

AN AGNOSTIC OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Take scholarliness for granted, and this review is distinguished by its broad sympathy.

One would say that the reviewer is himself capable of becoming exasperated by Montaigne's discursiveness, but that he meets the essayist on common ground in their knowledge of the world. "You may be as egotistic as you please, provided you are alive to, and manage the vanity of others;" Montaigne might have written that himself had he lived in this age of self-analysis and epigram. The literary style is notable for its succession of striking descriptive images. "There is no pole-star in Montaigne's astronomy; The whole of that passage is well said of Montaigne, and well written to. The epithets "lily-livered" and "chuckle-headed" are unrefined; and, while we are grumbling, the suggestion that Montaigne was the original of Hamlet is haphazard and unconvincing: nor is one pleased at being reminded of the fatuous and irritating Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. [H. M. G.]

DONNA DIANA.

With reference to the notice of "Donna Diana" (Mr. Bagot's new novel) in your last issue, the exception taken by your reviewer to the account of how Monsignor Tomei excuses himself for smoking an "after-breakfast cigar," strikes me as perfectly legitimate, although Mr. Bagot, being a resident in the Eternal City, as well as a son of the Church, ought to know both Rome and her Monsignori. But Mother Church, though responsible for the invention of many new fashions in sinning, has never yet seriously condemned tobacco. Were she to do so, the precedent might prove unfortunate, for upon how many of our innocent distractions might she not succeed in bringing discredit! Far better for Mr. Bagot had he represented Monsignor Tomei as merely taking a pinch of snuff, or swallowing a "Bishop's varallette"! Thus might he have shamed the devil and escaped the just strictures of your reviewer! [M. M. C., Blackwater.]

THE DANGERS OF MYSTICISM.

Surely Mr. Legge, in his "Dangers of Mysticism," has dug a pit and fallen into it himself. He complains of the "intellectual dishonesty" of the mystics, who impute to him motives that have never moved him, and then with a fine self-righteous scorn he proceeds to condemn mysticism as at best an unconscious fraud. He apparently believes that mysticism is "to be found invariably associated with the temperament called hysterical," and hence that its impostures do not necessarily argue any great amount of moral guilt. It is kind of him to say so, but is it quite honest to pooh-pooh the matter in this lofty fashion? If mysticism has inspired man "with a love of and an inspiration towards an ideal," is it not possible that it may be after all co-ordinate with truth? That there were quacks in science and impostors in mysticism we knew already. [W. Q. A., London.]

Competition No. 167 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best original Christmas Carol, not to exceed 16 lines.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 3 December, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

M. O. E. The Amen of the Unlearned. (Stock) net 5/0
Brownlie (Rev. John), Hymns of the Holy Eastern Church. (Gardner) net 3/6
Oliver (Jessie M.), Realities of Life. (Stock) 3/6
Vignon (Paul), The Shroud of Christ. (Constable) net 12/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Masefield (John), Salt-Water Ballads. (Richards) 3/6
Standing (Percy Cross), Favourite Recitations of Favourite Actors. (Jack) net 2/6
Miles (Louis Wardlaw), King Alfred in Literature. (Murphy)
Jennings (J. G.), Sakuntala: A Play in Five Acts. (Indian Press) 6/0
Harrison (E.), Studies in Theognis together with a text of the poems. (Camb. Univ. Press) net 10/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Berkeley (G. F. H.), The Campaign of Adowa, and the Rise of Menelik. (Constable) net 7/6
Jerrold (Walter), George Meredith. (Greening) 3/6
Capey (Ernest F. H.), The Life of Erasmus. (Methuen) 3/6
Tooley (Sarah A.), Royal Palaces and their Memories. (Hutchinson) 16/0
Prelooker (Jaakoff), Rabbi Shalom. (Simpkin Marshall) net 4/0
Farrar (Rev. Ivor G.), Some Fathers of the Reformation (Religious Tract Soc.) 1/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—cont.

Zueblin (Charles), American Municipal Progress.....	(Macmillan) net	5/0
Muir (Sir William), Indian Mutiny of 1857 N.W.P. Intelligence Records. 2 Vols.	(T. & T. Clark) net	36/0
Noyce (Frank), England, India, and Afghanistan.....	(Clay) net	3/0
Satoris (Adelaide), A Week in a French Country-House.....	(Smith Elder)	7/6
Leighton, (David), Vicissitudes of Fort St. George.....	(Sonnenschein) net	2/0
Oromb (James), The Highland Brigade.....	(Mackay) net	3/6
Stewart (Katherine), By Allan Water.....	(Methuen)	6/0
Oliphant (T. L. Kington), Rome and Reform. 2 Vols.....	(Macmillan) net	21/0
Kestell (J. D.), Through Shot and Flame.....	(Methuen)	6/0
Poynton (Charles H.), Romance of Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle.....	(Cornish) net	6/0
Warren, (Henry), The Story of the Bank of England.....	(Jorlan) net	3/6
Smith (Samuel), My Life-Work.....	(Holder and Stoughton) net	8/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hall (Rev. Chas. A.), The Art of Being Happy.....	(Gardner)	
Eddy (Arthur Jerome), Delight the Soul of Art.....	(Lippincott)	7/6
Noegamvala (Kavasji Dadabhai), Report on the Total Solar Eclipse of January 21-27, 1898.....	(Government Central Press, Bombay)	
Zittel (Karl A. Von), Text-Book of Palaeontology.....	(Macmillan) net	10/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Kelly (R. Talbot), Egypt.....	(Black) net	20/0
Cook (Mrs. E. T.), Highways and Byways in London.....	(Macmillan)	6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pike (Oliver G.), Hillside, Rock and Dale.....	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Humphry (Mrs.), Etiquette for Every Day.....	(Richards)	5/0
Willett (Mabel Hurd), The Employment of Women in the Clothing Trade (King)		
The Smoke of Her Burning.....	(Hickards) net	2/6
Hayward (Frank H.), The Reform of Moral and Biblical Education (Sonnenschein)		4/6

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The first volume of the Library Edition of Ruskin will be issued by Mr George Allen not later than March 31st of next year. The poems will not appear in this volume as had been at first intended. Had the old plan been adhered to in this respect, the volume would have contained no fewer than a thousand pages. As it is, the poems form the whole of the second volume. There will be no alteration whatever in the form of Mr. Ruskin's work as he left it; all additional matter will be in the shape of appendices. The edition will contain a large number of unpublished plates, all of which were engraved during Mr. Ruskin's lifetime—most of them from his own drawings. Many wood-cuts will also be included. The amount of matter published for the first time is immense. The emendations of "The Stones of Venice," of the opening chapter of which there were no less than three drafts, are particularly numerous. The necessity for so many emendations was probably due to the great difficulty of illustrating. In view of Mr. Ruskin's marked preference for perfect workmanship in obscure details and for durability in texture, it may be worth while to mention that the paper of this edition is of rag. The hand-made paper, specially prepared, contains his seal and monogram in the water-mark. The volumes, probably thirty-two in number, will be published at 21s. net each.

These volumes by no means exhaust the amazing amount of MSS. of which Ruskin was the author. The Library Edition will be the solitary complete edition, but it does not include the diaries and note-books, which will probably be published afterwards. There are a number of small note-books filled with notes for "The Stones of Venice." Besides these, there are nearly fifty large note-books more or less filled with his daily impressions of places and scenes. He has also left in his own handwriting many thick catalogues of minerals with descriptions. His letters alone would fill volumes.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll is writing a preface to Robert Southey's "Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands in the Autumn of 1815," which will be published, for the first time, by Mr. Heinemann. This book purports to be a diary of the poet which has been in private hands since his death. It contains an account of a visit to the field of Waterloo a few months after the battle.

On December 4th will be issued from the same house Mr. Arthur Symonds's translation of "Francesca Da Rimini," by Gabriele D'Annunzio. It is dedicated "to the divine Elenora Duse."

In Mr. Elliot Stock's list in our last issue the price of "A History of Lancashire" (3/6 net) was inadvertently omitted.

FROM MR. MURRAY'S LIST
OF NEW BOOKS.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

MOTH AND RUST. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY,
Author of "Red Potage." [Just out.

"... a fine story, admirably told,"—*World*.
"... 'Moth and Rust' is admirable alike as a story and as a presentation of human character... must not give away too many of the details of a story which, besides being well put together, is exceptionally well written."—*Globe*.

TALES FROM A FAR RIDING. By OLIVER
ONIONS, Author of "The Compleat Bachelor." [Just out.

LESLIE FARQUHAR. By ROSALINE MASSON,
Author of "In Our Town." [Just out.

NEW 2s. 6d. NET NOVEL.

THE INN OF THE SILVER MOON. By
HERMAN K. VIELE. [Just out.

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